COHASSET COTTAGER.

VOLUME I. | COHASSET, MASS., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1882. | NUMBER 35.

AT

FORCED SALE.

FOR 10 DAYS ONLY!

OUR IMMENSE STOCK OF

Fall and Winter

Overcoats and Ulsters

At prices regardless of COST or PROFIT. We are determined that every garment in our immense stock MUST BE SOLD AT SOME PRICE, and it will be to your interest to examine our goods and SAVE TIME AND MONEY.

Men's Beaver Overcoats,	$3.50 worth $7.50
Men's All-Wool Beaver Overcoats,	$5.00 worth $10.00
Boys' Winter Overcoats,	$1.00 worth $3.00
Boys' Beaver Overcoats,	$2.50 worth $5.00
All-Wool Suits,	$5.00 worth $10.00
Men's Winter Caps,	25c. worth $1.00
Boys' Winter Caps,	15c. worth 25c.

Space will not permit us to mention the immense bargains we are offering in every department.

BOSTON CLOTHING STORE,

ROCKLAND.

One door south of Post Office.

JOHN B. FOUHY.

C. W. SPARRELL,

FURNISHING UNDERTAKER

And Funeral Director,

South Scituate, - Mass.

Caskets, Coffins, Robes,

and everything used at the burial of the dead, always on hand.

Particular attention given to laying out and preserving bodies in the most approved manner.

Having been to a great expense am now prepared to furnish one of the best Hearse turnouts in Plymouth county and will give personal attention to directing funerals.

Having had twenty-five years experience, I feel confident I can give perfect satisfaction in all business entrusted to me, and at the lowest prices. Samples of different styles can be seen at any time at my warerooms where I should be pleased to show them.

Residence on Central St. near E. T. Fogg's Store.

South Scituate July 20th

S. A. MORLEY & CO.

DEALERS IN

Fine Groceries,

Teas, Flour,

&c., &c.

Central St., Scituate Centre

We have opened the Centre Variety Store with a line of selected goods and respectfully solicit a share of your patronage. [illegible]

PHILANDER BATES,

DEALER IN

Men's, Women's Boys', Misses & Children's

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers.

MANUFACTURER OF CUSTOM WORK.

Repairing neatly and promptly done.

Elm St., . . . Cohasset, Mass.

Dr. FRANKLIN JACOBS,

Dentist,

WEST SCITUATE, MASS.

[illegible]

FLOUR!

Prices Reduced.

4 Different Grades

"Silver Sheaf."

A Choice High Grade Haxall.

"Dunbar's Patent."

A Medium Grade Haxall for Bread or Pastry.

"Rocky Bluff."

A choice St. Louis Flour that we have sold for the past ten years with excellent success.

And last but not least the

H. A. S. & Co.

"Star Mills."

This flour we have sold for more than a dozen years and at present it is giving the best of satisfaction and is VERY CHEAP. We invite special attention to it.

All the above fully warranted.

Raisins.

As usual at Thanksgiving time at the very lowest prices.

Spices

Strictly pure, weighed out to order.

SHELLBARKS,
WALNUTS,
PECANS,
ALMONDS,
FILBERTS,
CHESTNUTS,
ORANGES,
DATES, FIGS.

Pie Plates, Pudding Pans,

Tea Sets,

Plain and Decorated. Over fifty pieces at

$3.50 and Upwards.

Good Assortment.

Don't fail to see them.

A general assortment of Crockery to suit.

H. A. Seaverns & Co.

North Scituate.

Calf Boots,

Kip Boots

Rubber

Boots.

We have now on hand a good assortment of

Boots & Shoes

—FOR—

Men's, Women's and Children's Wear.

Selected Goods at Fair Prices.

Men's Rubber Coats,

Boys' Rubber Coats,

Women's Rubber Circulars,

Misses' Rubber Circulars.

BARGAINS IN

Dress Goods

Men's and Women's

UNDERCLOTHING.

Children's

Underclothing.

Prints 4c. per Yard.

WOOLEN BLANKETS,

and Comforters.

HORSE BLANKETS,

OILED HORSE COVERS.

H. A. SEAVERNS & CO.,

North Scituate.

SCITUATE

Drug Store

Drugs,

Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, Toilet & Fancy Goods

at Lowest Prices at

WM. M. BADGER'S

FRONT ST., - SCITUATE.

TAILORING.

FALL and WINTER

of 1882 and 1883.

Grand Display of

Foreign and Domestic Woolens

English Fancy Worsteds,
Silk Mixed Basket-Weaves,
Melton Spotted Suitings,
Scotch Cheviots,
Tweed Suitings, Cassimeres, &c.
for FALL and WINTER WEAR. Made up in the latest styles and at moderate prices.

CHAS. E. GIFFORD,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

DALY'S BLOCK. ROCKLAND, MASS

Cohasset Drug Store,

FRANK W BROWNE,

DRUGGIST & APOTHECARY

Cor. Elm and Brook Streets,

COHASSET, MASS.

Physician's Prescriptions, carefully prepared at all hours of Night or Day.

Administrator's Sale

OF REAL ESTATE.

By license of the Probate Court for the County of Plymouth, the subscriber, Administrator of the Estate of Anna W. Ross, late of Scituate, in said county, deceased, will sell at Public Auction, on the premises, on Monday, the fourth day of December next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the house, barn and one acre of land more or less, known as the Unitarian parsonage, situated on the south side of Central street, in said Scituate, subject to a mortgage of Caroline L. Wade. JOHN F. [illegible]

Administrator of the estate of Anna W. Ross.

Scituate, Nov. 14, 1882. 3t

Edward O. Cooke,

COUNSELLOR

AND

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

NO. 41 COURT STREET. - BOSTON

[illegible] the Depot, Scituate, Mass.

Cohasset Cottager.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

AT COHASSET, MASS.,

In connection with the SOUTH SHORE HERALD

ADVERTISING RATES VERY LOW.

Subscription Price $2 per year.

SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

NEWCOMB BATES - AGENT

Sons and daughters of this town who have gone out from the old hearthstone to make their homes in other towns and states, are cordially invited to subscribe for this paper. It will bring you a generous weekly budget of home news and will revive, as nothing else will, old time memories. We hope to give it the genuine flavor of the sea and of this rockbound coast.

COHASSET.

Thanksgiving.

Next Thursday will be observed throughout New England and to a certain extent throughout the United States. The observance of this day, which is peculiarly a New England institution, has somewhat changed since the time of our fathers. Then, nearly every house was a farmer's house, and, the harvest, garnered into barns, gave a meaning to the word "Thanksgiving," which we, perhaps fail to appreciate. Then, the young men who were away learning their trades could not reach the paternal hearth-stone with such ease as in these days of steam-cars and steam-boats; and, in many families, this was the only day during the year which saw a reunion of the whole family. Then, Thanksgiving was *the* holiday of the year, and was observed royally. For weeks before the village choir had given its spare time to the Thanksgiving anthem, and on the night before, the grand final rehearsal was given in the old academy. On that night the young men, home from the city, dropped in to the rehearsal to augment the choir, this one with clarionet, that one with a violin, others with voices. Others there were, doubtless, on hand to attend to that most important duty, seeing the girls home, and to make up for the immense amount of time lost, since last they paid their devoirs to the Cohasset damsels. How truly, Sam Lawson, in Mrs Stowe's "Old Town Folks," emphasizes the value of the country choir for matrimonial purposes, when he says—"I consider a nice, well-behaved young gal in the singers' seats of a Sunday morning, as a means of grace,—sort of drawing to the unregenerate, you know. Why, boys, in them days I've walked ten miles over to Sherburn of a Sunday morning just to play the bass-viol in the same singers' seats with Huldy." All this preparation was not thrown away, and a goodly company gathered on Thanksgiving morning at the church to listen to the anthem and sermon; this custom seems to be gradually dying out.

And then, the dinner. What delicacies those old brick ovens did turn out! How triumphantly the young husband vindicated his oft repeated boast "How Mother cooked!" What merriment was aroused over the discussion of turkey, spare rib, plum-pudding, mince pies and the innumerable *fixings* which attended every well regulated Thanksgiving dinner. In the evening, the young folks and old folks as well, attended the Thanksgiving ball, which was an event in its way. What treat it would be, to be able to look back upon one of those old time gatherings. There were people "who could dance, who were not to be trifled with, and had no intention of walking," and Hull's Victory, Virginia Reel and a long list of contra dances furnished exercise which put the dancers in a fit condition to enjoy the hot turkey supper, without which no Thanksgiving ball was complete and which was served in the hotel hard by. We must not forget the turkey shoot, at which the crack shots mustered, and the old queen's-arms blazed away making or marring the reputation of the Cohasset Nimrods. Those Thanksgiving days are gone, and with them the peculiar circumstances which rendered them possible. Now, owing to the introduction of railways that most important feature of the Thanksgiving festival, the family reunion, can be had many times a year; nevertheless, we should be sorry to lose the day and all that it teaches and trust that, instead of losing ground as a national holiday, its importance may be more and more appreciated as time goes on.

Those who have neglected to witness the performance of Youth at the Boston Theater, should embrace the few remaining opportunities to see this production. At no theater but the Boston, could a play, bringing such realistic effects, be produced. Bartley Campbell's drama of the White Slave will be produced next week.

In order to find out whether the desire for a course of entertainments is strong enough to warrant any active steps, there will be a meeting of those interested at the assistant's room in the High School. We hope that this meeting will be a full one, and that its outcome will be a course of entertainments in Cohasset this winter.

ABOUT TOWN.

The last improvement at the depot is a new baggage room, which has been built on the platform at the southerly end. This will be a great convenience as up to this time all valuable baggage had either to be left on the platform over night, or carried into the waiting room. The old shed across the track has been torn down and a new one for the accommodation of Lincoln Bro.'s wood is being built.

Score one for the Old Farmers' Almanac. It predicted the snow storm Friday and Saturday to a day.

The Shakespear club is still a thing of the future.

Be public spirited and go to the Thanksgiving ball.

Rev. H. Price Collier of Hingham will preach at the First church on Sunday.

James Brennock's trial has been postponed to Monday.

Mr. Chas. S. Bates, the last of our summer residents to leave for the city, took his departure last Thursday.

Mr. Francis McCormick, an 18 years old son of Mr. McCormick whose summer residence is at the corner of No. Main street and Forest avenue, died at Boston recently.

Michael Kenneally, a Cohasset boy, died in Boston, last week, of consumption.

One session has begun at the High School for the winter.

Capt. Harry P. Snow sailed from Boston, Thursday, in the schooner Hannah Coomer for Mayaguez, Porto Rico, for a cargo of oranges.

The committee on the parish party of the First Church will meet at Mr. N. B. Tower's this evening.

Two large stoves have been put in the old church this week.

A quantity of hose was sent down to Nantasket to the hydrant on Thursday.

SCITUATE.

Two children of Mr. Arthur Gardner are very sick.

Part of the mill-pond was frozen over Monday morning.

Capt. Geo. W. Brown and wife returned Saturday, from a week's visit to Somerville.

Miss Emma I. Brown was obliged to give up her school on Friday afternoon last, on account of sickness, and returned home on the noon train.

Mr. Ansel Servant after three years away from home, started Monday, for a month's visit with his parents at Yarmouth, Novia Scotia.

Rev. L. P. Causey announced last Sabbath that he would preach on "Freedmen," next Sabbath. As he is a native of the south and was there until after the war, a good discourse may be expected.

Arthur T. Ward was arrested by Constable Gardner and taken before Judge Keith at Hingham, Friday, for assault on Mrs. Catherine Ward, for which he was fined $5 and cost. He also was fined $1 and cost for drunkenness, amounting in all, to about $28.

Rev. Wm. G. Babcock of Boston has recently donated $5 to the P. Y. O. C. Library association; and books have been donated by Mrs. Chas. Young, Miss Jane Otis, Mrs. Alexander Anderson, Mrs. Hannah Whitaker, Mrs. Charlotte Merritt, and Mrs. Elijah Litchfield.

M. E. LECTURES.

The third entertainment of the M. E. Church course on Thursday evening Nov. 16th, was a lecture by Rev. R. J. Mooney. Mr. Mooney is a graduate of Minuth College, Dublin, Ireland and is now in the Boston University. He has been but three years in this country. The lecture was a plea for the Irish people, a setting forth of their wrongs and oppressions, and an appeal to the American people to help the Irish by education, removal of temptations to drink, and a breaking down of the barriers which prevent freedom of thought. With the same advantages as we have, the speaker considered that his countrymen possessed the noblest traits of character, and would be bright and shining lights in the world. Gladstone was eulogized in what he has done and for the elevation of Ireland. The lecturer occasionally told a story to illustrate a point, in the characteristic style of an Irishman.

A letter has been received from Geo. Edson, dated Wells Bridge, N. Y., Nov. 17, where the train composed of seven cars was thrown from the track. Before reaching this place the train broke in two three times. There was 3 inches of snow and still snowing. George concludes his letter with "Never go west on the Delaware and Hudson Canal R. R. it your neck isn't insured."

We again hear from Mr. D. L. Chubuck, the evangelist. This time he is doing good work in Halifax, N. S. One meeting held Nov. 12, to which he addressed, not only were the seats filled, but planks supported by chairs, and the edge of the platform gave accommodation to others. Mr. C.'s solos riveted the attention of all. He took for a text, "They all began with one accord to make excuse," and delivered a most powerful discourse. He also addressed the Young Men's Christian Association from the subject "Preparing for God's Service," and the Halifax *Recorder*, says, "Mr. C. eloquently and earnestly enforced the idea that every Christian should do his part in active Christian service—in fact the most natural question after conversion was 'Lord what wilt thou have me to do?'"

NORTH SCITUATE.

The dance at Wilder's hall last Thursday evening was well attended.

Rev. Mr. Fuller of Hyannis preached at the Baptist Church last Sunday.

Post 31 will have their annual election of officers on Dec. 4, and the installation Dec. 11.

The Newcomb Sisters of Cohasset, aged 9 and 13, gave a fine musical entertainment in Wilder's hall, Monday evening.

Mrs. Amy Litchfield has concluded to change her business and has consequently resigned her position in G. W. Bailey's shoe factory. Her place will be supplied by Misses Mary L. and Josie M. Litchfield.

Mrs. Lydia Brown and Mr. Charles Steele were united in marriage last Thursday forenoon at the residence of Mr. Israel Litchfield, by Rev. Mr. Osgood of Cohasset. A number of presents were given the bride. Soon after the ceremony the happy couple took the train for Hingham where they will reside.

At the annual meeting of Konahasset Lodge the following officers were installed: W. M., Geo. H. Bates; S. W., John B. Pierce; J. W., Edw. E. Ellms; Treas., D. W. Pratt; Sec., Jas. H. Bouve; S. D., Edwin A. Olmstead; J. D., Alfred Beal; S. S., Alfred Seaverns; J. S., David Bates; Marshal, Chas. P. Seaverns; Chaplain, Morgan B. Stetson; Tyler, Levi L. Nichols. After the installation A. A. Seaverns was presented with a Past Master's Jewel.

Monday evening Nov. 20th, 1882, a number of friends gathered at the home of Laura A. Carter to celebrate her 22d birthday. The following poem was composed and read by Mrs. Esther G. Smith:—

TO LAURA.

Dear Laura, time is fleeting fast,
And birthdays yearly come.
Twenty-two years are with the past,
And childhood's long since gone.

These friends have met with you to-night
To give you hearty cheer.
'Twill help to make your pathway bright
For many a future year.

For they have brought some gifts to you,
To prove their love sincere;
A work-box useful, bright and new,
And an apron you'll find here.

And now I'll add my little mite,
And wishes kind I'll give,
May all your days be always bright,
And joyous while you live.

SCITUATE CENTRE.

Rev. Will C. Wood will preach next Sabbath on "Saints and Sinners."

The Sunday School Concert at the Centre Cong. Church last Sunday evening was a very interesting occasion. Eshcol, or Clusters from the Heavenly Canaan was the theme. The exercises consisted of prayer by Dea. Russel Cooke, Supt.; scripture selections, recitations by the younger children, readings by the older members of the school, remarks by the pastor, Rev. Will C. Wood, and others, and the whole was interspersed with excellent and impressive singing from the Gospel Hymns. The whole occupied about two hours, and the interest and close attention of the audience was kept up till the very close. The pastor has a happy faculty of sending home to the hearts of the hearers scripture truths, and at the same time imparting valuable and useful knowledge.

Scituate High School.

The following statistics are obtained from the records of the Fall Term which closes Friday. Neither absent nor tardy during the entire term, Clara B. V. Elliot, Sarah A. Gibby, Harry B. Brown, Edward W. Cushman, Irving E. Gannett, Elmer W. Litchfield, Geo. A. Litchfield, Frank W. Litchfield, Walter J. Merritt, and Geo. W. Wade. Percentage of Attendance 90. Number of pupils registered 46.

The highest total general average for the term in all studies, including written examinations, is 95 and was obtained by Miss Annie M. Edson of the Senior Class. The highest general average of written examinations was 95, and was obtained by Edward W. Cushman.

The following pupils obtained 100 percent in written examinations:—Miss Minta C. Bowditch in Geometry, Miss Mary A. Northey in English History, Edward W. Cushman in Algebra and Spelling, Geo. W. Wade in Algebra, and James S. Jenkins in Algebra.

In consideration of the fact that about one half of the pupils live two miles from the school building, and some three and even four miles, the attendance is highly creditable.

The following were marked 98 in general deportment:—Minta C. Bowditch, Annie M. Edson, Julia E. Jenkins, Mary A. Northey, Edward W. Cushman, and Elmer W. Litchfield, and ten others above 90. It is a matter of justice to those regular in attendance to say the percentage was reduced from 93 to 90 by the irregularity in attendance of two pupils, one of whom has been present on an average of 2 1-2 days a week.

SUDDEN DEATH.

Quite a sensation was caused at the Harbor Tuesday, when it was learned that Mr. Jonathan Hunt, an old man residing on Bay St., was dead, and had been for a day or more with nothing done about it.

Mr. Hunt was last seen Sunday night, and although he had not been feeling well since Wednesday he was not exactly sick. Monday morning Mr. Elisha Brown called at the house and could not get admitted. He spoke and Mrs. H. said "Mr. H. was in bed," and thinking he had not yet got up, he went to work. During the forenoon Ernest Bonney called to deliver some coal which Mr. H. had ordered the day before (through Mr. Brown) and when he asked for Mr. H. she says "he has passed away." Mr. Brown learning this called again in the evening but was not admitted, Mrs. H. saying "he was sick, but would not recognize him" (Brown).

Tuesday morning Mr. E. C. Gardner called with others and effected an entrance through three doors, and found Mr. H. dead in bed. His clothes were beside the bed just as he had taken them off. Mr. G at once telegraphed to Medical Examiner Brewster of Plymouth, who arrived Wednesday morning and examined the body. He found no bruises upon his person and gave his decision, "Found dead in bed Nov. 21, probably from natural causes." He thought he had been dead two or three days.

The table was set in the dining room with eatables upon it evidently just as prepared for supper or breakfast.

From appearances Mrs. Hunt had stayed in the house with her dead husband from Sunday night till Tuesday morning without food or a fire. Mr. Gardner asked her why she did not build a fire and she answered, "Mr. Hunt always builds the fire." She was taken to her father's in Weymouth Tuesday.

Mr. Hunt came here from Weymouth, the latter part of June last, and set up some of his cobbler implements in the shop with Mr. E. J. Brown where he worked at times, although not being obliged to, but being an active man wanted something to take up his attention.

Mrs. Hunt's mind has been somewhat demented ever since she came here and could not bear to have Mr. H. out of her sight and would follow him to and from the shop, almost daily. Mr. Hunt was about 74 years old.

SOUTH SCITUATE.

The snow storm surprised a great many with their young stock out to pasture.

Another interesting letter from the pen of "Oznoia" is expected next week. We find our readers are very much pleased with these "Philadelphia Letters."

We understand that a gentleman from Marshfield is about to start a lobster-pot manufactory at Torrey's mill. Who says that Mill Lane isn't getting to be a business place?

Mr. Jos. Corthell is out with a patent butchers frock, which he has had made to order. We don't know as he has applied for a patent yet, but it is certainly got up in good shape.

The bathing season is not entirely over but then you are not obliged to travel five miles or more, but all you have to do is back up to a wash tub and, "Presto change" you are in all over, clothes and all.

Winter street has been laid out and worked upon till it is now quite a respectable thoroughfare. Mr. Benj. P. Foster superintended the job and that simply means that it is done up in good sensible shape.

CHURCH HILL.

About 60 were present at the Kansas apple bee held at Rev. Irving Lovejoy's, Tuesday evening.

Correction—It was Mr. John H. Flarell of Hanover that has bought the store he now occupies at the corners.

About dark Tuesday Mr. Allen F. Bonney of West Hanover shot a large sea owl from the chimney of Mr. John Cole's.

The camp fire to be held with Post 111 at their Hall in Hatchville should have been the first Saturday evening in next month instead of the last in this month.

Mr. Charles Stearns of Hanover has bought of Mr. Joseph Tripp a house lot and is going to build his house opposite Dr. Howes'. They are now digging the cellar.

A horse belonging to Mr. Brett of Hingham ran away Friday afternoon at about four o'clock. Mr. Brett had come to Hanover after his son Mr Frank Brett, who is teacher of the academy.

Dr. John Comans of Carney Hospital, So. Boston, made an examination of Mrs. Edward Barstow of Hanover, Saturday, and decided that there was no tumor as had been feared, but it was dropsy.

TEMPLE OF HONOR.

The seventh anniversary of Corner Stone Temple of Honor, No. 22, took place at their hall West Scituate last Thursday evening. It was called to order by W. C. T., Thomas Tindale; opening ode; prayer by the Chaplain; response by Temple quartette; welcome address by John Corthell; history of the Temple, from its birth to the present time, by the Recorder, Boswell Curtis; remarks by Waldo Turner of Mechanic's Temple, No. 25, East Weymouth; Chaplain Peede of Corner Stone; song by quartette; declamation by little Blanche Moore; remarks by Mrs. John Corthell, Sister Presiding of Union Social Temple of Honor, No. 11, West Scituate; remarks by President of North Hanover Reform Club; song by Temple quartette; remarks by Mr. R. C. Waterman of Hanover; declamation by Blanche Moore; select readings by little Mabel Curtis, and Mrs. C. D. Barnard of Union Social, No. 11, West Scituate; remarks by Messrs. Vinal and Collier of No. 25, East Weymouth.

Supper was then announced and the company were invited to the hall over Mr. Killam's store where the committee had prepared an elegant supper of oysters, cake, pies, fruit, etc. to which about 125 sat down.

RIDGE HILL.

25 wild geese and 7 ducks were killed at Accord Pond Friday last. Saturday, 1 goose and 17 ducks, Monday, 3 geese, Tuesday, 2 ducks.

DIED.

In Cohasset, Nov. 11, Ezra Towle, 36 years, 6 months.

In East Weymouth, James Barrett, aged 60 years.

In Plymouth, Mary (Thomas) wife of George Fuller, 60 years, 5 months, 13 days.

NEWCOMB BATES

DEALER IN

Newspapers, Periodicals

Magazines, Stationery, etc.

COHASSET, - - MASS.,

A supply of reading Matter, Weekly and Daily Papers, Music, etc., on hand as soon as published. 6 dm

WILLIAMS'

PHOTOGRAPH CAR

now located on RIVER ST.,

SO. SCITUATE,

About one mile from So. Scituate village and two miles from Hanover 4 Corners, near Torrey's Trunk Factory. Open

Thursdays, Fridays & Saturdays,

of every week for Sittings. Every style of Portraiture made.

Retouching, &c., photographs to order.

Particular attention given to children and the copying of small pictures into any required size from card to life, and finished in Ink, Crayon, Water or Oil Colors.

A fine assortment of Stereoscopes and views, Albums, Mats and Frames, of all descriptions.

Sittings made equally as well, or better, in cloudy as in fair weather. Children should be brought on pleasant days and before 3 P. M.

J. H. WILLIAMS,

16 tf PHOTOGRAPHER.

Verses.

[WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY A BEGGAR IN CONCORD, MASS, OCT. 23d, 1882.]

Is it noble in the rich to rob the poor,
And turn the poor heart-broken beggar from your door?
Think if she was you and you was her instead,
How you would dread to beg a piece of bread.

For who would beg for help from door to door
As I have often for myself and more;
But that the dread of something after death,
Keeps beggars still with their unwelcome breath

But, like the wicked king, the rich intend
To prosper and repent before the end;
Too late at last with all their wealth and gold
They cannot cleanse the perilous stuff from off the soul.

But like a canker gnaws within their breast;
And so perpetual without any rest,
Yet better the condemned on earth with a beggars title given,
Than momentary grace of mortal man and none in heaven.

PHENIX.

A Double Line of Thought.

Congregations are often brought to the brink of an explosion of mirth without knowing it. Such was the case in a Hartford church recently. The godly and eloquent pastor was in the midst of his powerful discourse. The large congregation hung upon his lips as he moved up to the climax of his argument. He, himself, was deeply absorbed in his work, as his ringing voice and forcible action showed.

Just then he somehow became aware of a distraction near at hand, and, glancing obliquely, espied a colossal wasp perched upon his left shoulder. A second glance was conclusive. The wasp was bridling and humping himself in a manner that meant mischief. He was in no haste, but, as if knowing his advantage, he leisurely performed those agile and ominous gymnastics which are the preparations and signals of assault. He would torment the helpless minister before stabbing him. All this the parson comprehended with concealed terror, meanwhile pushing along the vigor of his speech, and keeping up the boom of his discourse.

Mysterious is the complex movement of the human mind. Futile was the intimidation, fugacious the hope, vain the plan, fatal the delay, of that wasp. Procrastination and pride were his destruction. An inspiration seized the parson, now working double lines of thought. His plan was formed and executed with such a rapidity and success that the congregation were ignorant of the splendid strategy. Raising his voice to an unwonted strain, he swung his right arm around to that left shoulder, plucked the astonished wasp therefrom, placed him upon the desk, and shouting in stentorian tones, "Yes, my beloved hearers!" brought his clinched fist down upon the precise spot whereon his enemy lay with an energy that made the Bible leap, raised a cloud of dust from the cushion, and carried complete conviction both to the body of the wasp and the minds and hearts of the spell-bound congregation. It was the climax of his discourse. So instantaneous was the manœuvre executed that no one detected the real occasion of it, and the edified hearers remarked to one another, as they left the church, the uncommon earnestness and vigor of their beloved pastor's delivery that day.

Keeping a Cow.

"I can remember," says Henry Ward Beecher, "when I received an old cow in payment of a bad debt. It was a very bad debt, and I came to consider it a very bad payment. She was a thin cow, but the former owner said she was better than she looked, being a cross between the Jersey and the Durham. She looked as if she might have been a cross between an old hair trunk and an abandoned hoop-skirt. I kept the brute three days, and no one, except perhaps Lieutenant Atwell, could ever appreciate the suffering I endured in that time. The first night she broke through the fence, and reduced to a pulp all the underclothing belonging to my next door neighbor. She put her horn through my bath-tub, and ate up all of the geraniums. She was to give three gallons of milk a day, but she seemed to be short just then, and never had that amount to spare while we kept her. The second day she walked into the kitchen and upset a pan of butter and a tub of lard. And then she fell down a well, and when I got her out at a cost of five dollars, she took the colic, whooping cough, or something, and kept us awake all night. Not a green thing was left in my garden; my neighbor's peach trees and the rope on which his underwear grew were as bare of fruit as a singed tree, and he did not have a twig of shrubbery left. My neighbor came over to see me, and said:

"Now, I don't desire any quarrel, but I want you to keep your cow out of my shrubbery."

"And I want you my friend to keep your shrubbery out of my cow; it spoils the taste of the milk."

Ever afterward there was a coolness between us, and my neighbor's wife ceased to patronize our house when she wanted to borrow a cupful of yeast.

He happened to press the foot of a young lady who was sitting next to the door, in getting out of the street car. The damsel, compressing her brows in an awe-inspiring frown, said: "You clumsy wretch!" Most men would have looked foolish and apologized, but our hero was equal to the occasion. "My dear young lady," he exclaimed, "you should have feet large enough to be seen, and then they wouldn't be trodden upon." Her brow relaxed, her eyes sparkled, her lips smiled, and the injury was forgotten.—[Philadelphia Herald.

Bait Fishing and Fly-Fishing.

I have often told you that I do not belong to the class of dillettanti anglers who despise fishing with a worm and boast only of using flies. I have never found a thorough angler of that class.

In this part of the world, as in most other parts where there are trout streams, the fly fisherman often loses all the delight of angling for the reason that it is impracticable to use the fly, and for another reason, that the trout will not take it if offered. There is no fishing so pleasant as along one of our wild mountain streams and there is special skill required to get trout in these rushing waters.

Indeed it is safe to say that there is as much skill required to take trout with bait as with a fly. On a lake or on a broad open stream, no angler is fond of sitting in a boat or on a bank waiting for a bite But following a brook, casting the bait into this hole, along the rapid, above, below, at the side of this or that stone, reaching with a few inches of line into the recesses of a pile of drift timber, working among the branches of a fallen tree, always moving and always at work, hearing the music of the water, looking constantly into its crystal flow, now passing under a dark forest canopy, now through a rocky gorge, now springing from rock to rock, now wading almost waist deep in a pool between precipitous banks, startling birds and squirrels and minks, taking your fish sometimes out of the swift rapid and again out of a pool where they are congregated,—all this is the most fascinating of angling which our country or any country affords.—[Mr. Primo in New York Journal of Commerce.

Some said he was killed and others asserted that he was only dangerously hurt, but when the reporter pushed through the crowd he discovered that the victim had simply lost a thumb by the fall of the plank he was assisting to raise; it was his left thumb, and he was a strawberry peddler and had measured that thumb 10,000 times. "Poor man! I see how it is!" sighed the reporter. "This is a terrible loss to you just at the opening of the berry season." "Hush! Mum is the word!" whispered the poor fellow as he started for the surgeon's "It was only a small thumb, anyhow; and for $2.50 I can get an artificial one which takes up half a pint of room in a quart measure. It's a great gain to me, sir—a great gain. With the sympathy of the public and a wooden thumb with a rag around it I shall make the best season in twenty years. Straw-ber-ries! Straw-ber-ries—heap the measure fu twen-ty-f-i-v-e cents!"—[Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Colonel Boulder and her fair daughter Maudena have returned from a fashionable watering place. "Maudena," said her fond mother, as she was reading the paper just after breakfast, "what is this transit of Venus we see so much about in the papers lately?" "Why, ma! don't you know? Why, Venus is a goddess." "Yes, I know; but what has she got to do with the rapid transit? "Well, I suppose—why, they say this fall she is going to cross the moon, and with a telescope you can see her." "Dear me! I do wonder how she will be dressed!" "Why, ma, goddesses aren't dressed at all," responded the boarding school graduate. "What? My goodness, it must be perfectly outrageous! Well, I'll not look at her, so now."

Jones was riding, and saw a board nailed upon a post in the yard of a farm-house, with a sign painted on it, "This farm for sail." Always ready for a little pleasantry, and seeing a woman in checked sun-bonnet picking up an apron full of chips at the wood-pile in front of the house, he stopped and asked her very politely when the farm was to sail? She went on with her work, but replied to his question instanter: "Just as soon as the man comes along who can raise the wind."

Ex-Secretary Evarts tells a good story, at his own expense, about a small donkey which he sent up to his country-seat for the use of his children. One of his little daughters, going out with the nurse to admire the animal in its paddock, was sorely distressed when the donkey lifted up his voice and brayed dolefully. "Poor thing! Poor thing!" exclaimed the sympathetic child, but suddenly brightening up, she turned to her nurse and said: "Oh, I am so glad. Papa will be here on Saturday, and then it won't feel so lonesome."

When Penn appeared to receive his charter he came into the royal presence in his usual easy manner, with his hat on and his hands in his pockets. Charles at once removed his own hat. "Keep on your hat, young man, said Penn; "keep on your hat, and people won't know you're bald." "It is the custom of this place," the king replied, "for only one person to remain covered at a time." "Then you ought to have more covers," said Penn. "It's a queer custom; but I don't lay my hat around loose in a strange house unless I get a check for it. I've traveled I have.—[Burdette's Version.

In the quenchless capacities of human nature, in the aspiring of its understanding, in the peace and virtue, in the terrors of sin that cannot stand the calm gaze of God, we see the predictions which life gives of immortality, the signatures which our Creator has impressed on our constitution of his glorious intentions and our eternal progress.—[Martineau.

Avoid extravagant promises. State facts, and act up to them.

The Young Lady and the Horse Reporter.

"Do they edit in here?"

The several occupants of the room looked around and discovered a young lady standing in the doorway. She nodded slightly to the horse reporter, and that individual returned the salutation with a placid mile-and-a-half-over-eight-hurdles smile whose grandeur of expanse would alone have made it noticeable.

"You are right this time, madame," he said. "This is the exact spot where the seething brain of the trained journalist proceeds to bubble, and the lances of Thought that pierce with unerring aim the brazen helmets of Wrong are ever held in conchant poise by strong arms ready to launch them forth at the slightest signal of danger."

"Papa doesn't know I am up here," said the vision of loveliness, "but mama does. The very minute I told her I was going to see an editor she said it was the best thing I could do, but when I got to the door I just thought I should die."

"You don't appear to be in danger of immediate dissolution," remarked the horse reporter.

"Oh, of course, I don't mean exactly that," said the young lady, "but I was awfully nervous, you know—I was always that way—and when I was a little girl papa used to say that the only way to govern me was by kindness."

"Well, we'll be gentle with you," replied the personal friend of Rarus. "Would you like to read the Hawkinsville Clarion or the Cohoes Freeman?" pointing to a pile of exchanges.

"No, I don't care about it, thank you," was the reply. "You editors must have a hard time managing all the people who come up here."

"There is a managing editor for that purpose," said the horse reporter.

"How nice! And do all these gentlemen edit?"

"Yes,"

"I am going to be married next week," said the young lady. "Ain't it funny?"

"Quite ludicrous, no doubt," was the reply.

"And I came up here," she continued, "to see if you would put a nice notice of the affair in the paper. Will you do it?"

"Certainly," said the horse reporter.

"Would you like to have it referred to as 'another one of those delightful events in which the happiness of a trusting love finds glad fruition in wedded bliss,' or 'the marriage-bells rang out merrily last evening, telling to the starlit skies a joyful tale of love's final triumph?' Both these sentences are kept in type, and you can have your choice."

"I rather like the last one best," said the young lady. "It is more tenderly beautiful. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," replied the horse reporter, "there is a sort of curfew-will-not-ring-to-night tinge to it that lays over the other one."

"Well, then, I will take that. And will an editor be around to write it up?"

"Certainly."

"I will send you a piece of the wedding cake," continued the young lady.

"Do," said the horse reporter. "There is a dog up my way that needs killing."—[Chicago Tribune.

A well-dressed, but apparently rural gentleman, who dined sumptuously and in solemn grandeur at one of our hotels the other day, was presented by the waiter, on concluding his repast, with the usual finger-bowl with a thin slice of lemon floating about in it. After viewing the utensil doubtfully for a few moments, he raised it to his lips and took a deep draught from it. A look of profound disgust succeeded his exploit, and with the muttered remark, "Well, that's the meanest weak lemonade ever I see!" he filled his vest pocket with toothpicks and started for the outer air.

Some people persist in claiming that the wearing of corsets, bangs, sawdust, etc., results in no good to the wearers. How they can think so in view of the many evidences of their utility afforded is one of the few things we cannot understand. The corset is a regular life-saving apparatus, and now we read of a girl who was bitten in the calf of the leg three times the other day, while picking blackberries, by a large rattlesnake. The only injury she suffered was being badly scared, while the snake choked to death on sawdust.—[Oil City Blizzard.

A story is told by the Nantucket Inquirer of a young married man in town which will bear repeating. The young man, during his "courtship" days, was very bashful. One day he was invited to attend a tea party at the house of a pious uncle of his sweetheart, and when asked to the table the good hostess requested him to ask a blessing, which so "broke up" the already bewildered young man that he unconsciously stammered out: "I don't care for any, thank you."

A geometrical angler; Mr. Wright went out to fish. And he became a Wright angler. He thought he would try and catch a shark. And became a triangler. He laughed to think how smart he was. And he became a cute angler. But he did not see the shark with his nose under the stern of the craft. He was such an obtuse angler. Until the creature tipped over his boat. When he became a wrecked angler.—[Whitehall Times.

HAS A FIGHT.

Young Mulkittle sat on the fence, hooting like an owl, when the butcher's son came along.

"Hello, preacher," said the butcher's son.

"Hello, calf," replied Mulkittle.

"I ain't no calf."

"I ain't no preacher."

"But your father's a preacher; but don't you call my father a calf or I'll whale you."

"I will call him a calf if you say much."

"I dare you to. Take a dare, steal a sheep and eat his hair."

"Calf," exclaimed Mulkittle. The butcher's boy pulled him off the fence, boxed his ears, choked him and tore his clothes.

"Is my father a calf, huh?"

"Guk—guk!"

"Old man's a calf, huh?"

"Guk—g'way now!" and the preacher's son, freeing himself, climbed back to his perch on the fence.

"Let you know not to call my father a calf."

"I know what your old pa is, anyhow."

"It wouldn't do for a preacher to fool with my old man. My old man could chop a preacher in two at one whack."

"Yes and my pa could send your old man to the bad place."

"Why don't you say hell? You are 'fraid to, that's what."

"No, I ain't."

"Let's hear you say it."

"I don't want to say it now. But I know what your old man is."

"What."

"Calf, that's what," and young Mulkittle jumped over into the yard and ran. The butcher's boy climbed up, looked over the fence and yelled, "hi, coward; hi-i-i!"

When Mulkittle's boy went into the house, his father asked:

"What's the matter with your face, sir—what tore your clothes?"

"That old cow hooked me."

"That's a muley cow; she can't hook. She hasn't got any horns."

"But she had horns just now and she shoved 'em out at me—"

"Come here to me, sir, come here," and the reverend gentleman took down a rattan and proceeded to spread it on the boy. Mrs. Mulkittle, lying in bed and having just been aroused with an imperfect understanding of the conversation, said:

"Willie, don't go near the cow."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

DIVULGING A TROTTING SECRET.

We presume our readers have all heard of that very private trial, in the year 1870, when Mace drove Lady Thorne a ghostly mile in the gray of the morning, and only two others, John L. Doty and William H. Saunders, timed the mare. In regard to this trial, her driver said: "I never saw Lady Thorne trot a full mile at her best but once, and there are two other men living besides myself who can tell you how fast that was, but I shall never tell, and it is probable that they will not. It was so fast that it would not be credited by the public, and so we agreed that we would never mention the time. But I will say this much—It was a faster gait for the whole mile than I ever saw kept up by any other horse for a single quarter." For a round dozen of years did Dan Mace maintain his determination to "never tell," but in an unguarded moment, a short time ago, out popped the secret. On the occasion to which we refer Dan had become much in [illegible] conversation with a gentleman about that year, 1870, when Lady Thorne was to meet Goldsmith Maid at Buffalo. She had beaten the Maid whenever they had contended on Eastern tracks, but the party of the little bay mare were quite confident of a victory at Buffalo. Dan, after the trial referred to, felt abundant confidence himself, and he related, on this recent occasion, how he met Mr. Smith, the owner of the Maid, and told him he would beat her.

"But," said Mr. Smith, "we can trot three heats better than 2:20."

"So can I," said Dan.

"We can trot three heats better than 2:18."

"So can I," said Dan.

"We can trot three heats in 2:16."

"So can I," said Dan.

The gentleman to whom Mace related the foregoing conversation causually asked, "Why, Dan, how fast did your ever drive Thorne?"

Dan impulsively replied: "I drove her a mile just as fast as a mile was ever trotted in public, and the last half in 1:05."

The secret of a decade was now more fully out. Lady Thorne trotted a trial in 1870 in 2:10½, last half in 1:05, timed by two of the most experienced men on the turf, both still in the flesh, and driven by a man who now lacks only two years of his threescore.—*Spirit of the Times.*

CONSOLATIONS OF A SLOW TRAIN.

On some of the Western roads they attach a passenger car to a freight train and called it "mixed." It isn't in the order of things that such trains should travel very rapidly, and sometimes there is considerable growling among the "traffic."

"Are we most there, conductor?" asked a nervous man for the hundredth time. "Remember my wife is sick and I am anxious."

"We'll get there on time," replied the conductor, stolidly.

Half an hour later the nervous man approached him again.

"I guess she's dead now," said he, mournfully, "but I'd give you a little something extra if you could manage to catch up with the funeral. Maybe she won't be so decomposed but what I could recognize her."

The conductor growled at him, and the man subsided.

"Conductor," said, he, after an hour's silence, "conductor, if the wind isn't dead ahead I wish you would put on some steam. I'd like to see where my wife is buried before the tombstone crumbles to pieces. Put yourself in my place for a moment."

The conductor shook him off, and the man relapsed into profound melancholy.

"I say, conductor," said he, after a long pause, "I've got a note coming due in three months. Can't you fix it so as to rattle along a little."

"If you come near me again I'll knock you down," shouted the conductor, savagely.

The nervous man regarded him sadly, and went to his seat. Two hours later the conductor saw him chatting gayly and laughing heartily with a brother victim, and approached him.

"Don't feel so badly about your wife's death?"

"Time heals all wounds," sighed the nervous man.

"And you are not so particular about the note?" sneered the conductor.

"Not now. That's all right. Don't worry. I've been figuring up, and I find that the note has outlawed since I spoke to you last."—*Traveler's Magazine.*

Telephone Monopoly

The consolidation of the telephone companies of the country will create a monopoly harder even to antagonise than that of the telegraph companies. It is comparatively easy to stretch competing telegraph lines from city to city, but double telephone lines would be a nuisance in any city, and the larger the city, the worse the nuisance, for what with telegraph, telephone, district telegraph, fire alarm, and electric light wires, the complication is already serious; a double telephone line would also greatly inconvenience subscribers. The consolidation is of course for speculative purposes and stock watering. So long as the public are tolerably well served they will naturally keep on minding their own business, and no political economist has or will very soon devise a remedy for similar schemes. The lines already consolidated cover New England, New York, Long Island and Brooklyn, and New Jersey. Two months ago this territory was divided amongst 16 exchanges and 160 lines.—[W'r Gaz.

Chicken Story.

Out in Minn. an enterprising farmer had 85 chickens, quite a flock of turkeys, besides other fowls. The wife of the farmer was going to New England to stay among friends several months and as she had the entire care of the fowls, was obliged to instruct a 17 year old daughter about feeding them during her absence. The day before the mother's departure the daughter led the fowls without the parents oversight, during the day the mother noticed a barrel of salt disturbed and upon inquiries learned that equal quantities of this had been fed with other grain, it being mistaken for white corn meal.

Early the next morning the mother watched the daughter and her brother remove from the flock 62 dead chickens 10 dead turkeys, besides other fowls among the slain. The daughter felt truly sorrowful for the mistake and its consequences and in order to atone in part commenced to set hens so that before her mother had been in New England many weeks was able to report the same number of fowls as before the direful disaster.

Up at Tallula Falls last season was Mrs. Spriggins from this county. She had her little child with her, which could toddle about and was venturesome and caused her much anxiety in the absence of Spriggins. She remarked to a friend: "I wouldn't have that child to fall over the precipice and get killed for anything, because I would never hear the last of it from Spriggins."—[Hartwell (Ga) Sun.

Miscellaneous.

Francis Batchelder 51 Blackstone St., Boston, is wholesale dealer in Poultry, Pork, Butter, Cheese, Eggs, &c. Highest cash prices paid for dressed hogs. yz1t

It has been decided by those who know what really fine teas are that the Formosa Oolongs just received by the Globe Tea Co., 44 and 46 Broad, corner of Milk St., Boston, is of a grade seldom met with. yz1t

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. Samuel Hobbs & Co., and would suggest that those desirous of purchasing Holiday Gifts, pay them a visit as they have just received a full line of unique Christmas Novelties of the latest designs.

A City of Refuge.

When you have any internal Pain or Ache; when you have a Cough, a Cold, or any Bronchial trouble whatever; when you are suffering from Rheumatism, when you are troubled with Sour Stomach, Indigestion or any affection of the vital organs, fly to Renne's Pain Killing Magic Oil as to a City of Refuge. No other medicine that has ever been discovered is possessed of such healing—such miraculous powers. This preparation is as harmless as new milk, and as pure and aromatic as rose water. It is sold by all druggists and country merchants. nov4yz4t

Delays are Dangerous.

Whenever you are assailed by internal or external pain, ache or ailment, don't wait to experiment, but apply RENNE'S PAIN KILLING MAGIC OIL which will relieve you as if by magic. It is a most reliable remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchial diseases, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, etc. No household, workshop or factory is safe without it. Give it a trial. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

An Only Daughter Cured of Consumption.

When death was hourly expected, all remedies having failed, and Dr. H. James was experimenting with the many herbs of Calcutta, he accidentally made a preparation which cured his only child of CONSUMPTION. His child is now in this country, and enjoying the best of health. He has proved to the world that CONSUMPTION can be positively and permanently cured. The doctor now gives this Recipe free only asking two three-cent stamps to pay expenses. This herb also cures night sweats, nausea at the stomach, and will break up a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. Address Craddock & Co., 1032 Race Street, Philadelphia, naming this paper. nov4yz4t

Francis Bachelder,

Wholesale dealer in

POULTRY!

PORK,
LARD,
HAMS,

Tripe, Pigs' Feet, Sausages!

BUTTER!

Eggs, Cheese, Etc.

Price List sent on application.

Highest Cash Prices Paid for Dressed Hogs.

TELEPHONE NO. 2047

2, 4 & 6 LAKEMAN MARKET,

51 Blackstone St., Boston.

nov18yz6t

Melange.

High stations have high duties.

WISTAR'S BALSAM of WILD CHERRY cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Influenza, Consumption, and all diseases of the Throat, Lungs and Chests. Price 50c and $1 a bottle. mar20yzly

Much is required of them to whom much is given.

Chicago's First Citizen.

The Chicago Tribune, in closing an elaborate article on Hon. Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of that city, gives the following as Mr. Harrison's opinion of St. Jacobs Oil: "When I first found myself suffering from the rheumatism, my leading thought naturally was to call a physician, but my neighbors all advised me to try St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. I procured some of it immediately, and found it excellent for that ailment.

Rank folly is a weed that is often found in the tall rank grass of fashion.

Hoods, scarfs, ribbons and any fancy articles can be made any color wanted with the Diamond Dyes. All the popular colors.

A college education shows a man how little other people know.

Gentlemen, your Hop Bitters have been of great value to me. I was laid up with typhoid fever for over two months and could get no relief until I tried your Hop Bitters. To those suffering with debility or any one in feeble health, I cordially recommend them.
J. C. STOETZEL, 683 Fulton st., Chicago, Ill.

A good horse that works hard, requires a large measure of corn.

The late Matt Carpenter suffered for years with disease of the heart. So, too, did Fernando Wood. These men were intellectual giants, and also splendid specimens of manly physical proportions. A few bottles of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator would have cured them of heart troubles, and have saved them for many long years yet to come. Get at druggists.

Don't teach your grandmother to clap ashes.

SIFTED THEM OUT.

WINNOWING THE WHEAT FROM THE TARES—A PROBLEM EASILY SIMPLIFIED.

"My friend," said the druggist, "you have a lame back, you say, and want a plaster to put on it. Once I could have shown a large assortment to choose from. Now I only keep a few, and sell most of BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER. Why? Because they are the best. I have Allcock's, the Capsicum and some others. They are harmless and slow. Business is business, and I gradually ceased to deal in them to any great extent."

"All right, do me up a Capcine, without any more talk, for my back aches as though I had been working my passage in a baggage car."

"Here you are," said the druggist, "with the word CAPCINE cut in the middle of the plaster, proving it to be genuine."

"And here's your twenty-five cents," said the lame backed man, walking slowly away. nov4yz4t

The Bad and Worthless

are never imitated or counterfeited. This is especially true of a family medicine, and it is positive proof that the remedy imitated is of the highest value. As soon as it has been tested and proved by the whole world that Hop Bitters was the purest, best and most valuable family medicine on earth, many imitations sprung up and began to steal the notices in which the press and people of the country had expressed the merits of H. B., and in every way trying to induce suffering invalids to use their stuff instead, expecting to make money on the credit and good name of H. B. Many others started nostrums put up in similar style to H. B., with variously devised names in which the word "Hop" or "Hops" were used in a way to induce people to believe they were the same as Hop Bitters. All such pretended remedies or cures no matter what their style or name is, and especially those with the word "Hop" or "Hops" in their name or in any way connected with them or their name, are imitations or counterfeits. Beware of them. Touch none of them. Use nothing but genuine Hop Bitters, with a bunch or cluster of green hops on the white label. Trust nothing else. Druggists and dealers are warned against dealing in imitations or counterfeits.

HOLIDAY GOODS!

Fancy Note Paper,
Correspondence Cards,
Christmas Cards,

AND

USEFUL PRESENTS.

Samuel Hobbs & Co.,

169 Devonshire & 30 and 32 Arch Street, Boston.

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AGENTS make $5 to $15 per day with our

PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER

Containing over 5000 valuable receipts, many of them worth $10 each. Every housekeeper wants it. Price reduced one half to bring it within the reach of all. SPECIAL TERMS to experienced agents, ladies or men Apply At Once if you wish to secure your choice of territory.

THE HENRY BILL PUBLISHING CO., Norwich, Conn. nov11yz6t

CHAS. L. KNAPP & CO.,

Telephone Stocks.

Refers to Pres. Ingham, Treas. Glidden or Manager Downes.

Central Block, - Lowell, Mass.

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Roslin Farm Conservatories.

W. S. PHELPS & SON,

FLORISTS!

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, Mass. Cut Flowers, Boquets and Greenhouse Plants. Specialties in Wedding and Funeral Work. Orders solicited. Prices moderate. Greenhouse connected with Telephone may27yz26t

Great Bargains

—IN—

Carpets!

Joel Goldthwait & Co.

HAVE PLACED IN THEIR

ANNEX,

163 and 165 Washington Street,

A LARGE STOCK OF

Moquettes,
Brussels,
Tapestries,
Extra Superfines
and Superfine

CARPETS,

To be sold for the next Sixty Days at Very Low Prices in order to reduce a very large stock.

163 and 165 Washington Street,

Near Cornhill, Boston.

oct31yz9t

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PIMPLES.

I will mail (Free) the recipe for a simple Vegetable Balm that will remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, inclosing 3c. stamp, BEN VANDELF & CO., 12 Barclay St., N. Y.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescriptions used, (free of charge,) with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. Parties wishing the Prescription, will please address, Rev. E. A. WILSON 194 Penn. St., Williamsburg, N. Y.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A gentleman who has suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and direction for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence. JOHN B. OGDEN, 42 Cedar St., N. Y. aly

Sunbeams.

On a lark—Vermin.—*Exchange.*

One in hand is better than two in a run-away.—*Chicago Eye.*

It appears that Wolseley has no peer amid the pyramids.—*Com. Adv.*

If explorers ever find the North Pole they will freeze to it.—*Com. Adv.*

He who courts and goes away may live to court another day; but he who weds and courts girls still may get in court against his will.

The Toledo girl who married the fellow to get rid of him has commenced a divorce suit for the same object.—*Toledo American.*

Probably they import the material for the foundation of buildings in Arkansaw, for Little Rock is found there.—*Meriden Recorder.*

Several days ago an Arkansaw boy read a dime novel which his father had given him. That night he set the house afire.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Thousands of people who were once the victims of intemperance have quit drinking. They are for the most part dead, however.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

The devil has two horns and whisky is one of them.—*Whitehall Times.* This is the one he tosses to his victims before he tosses them.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A man was recently arrested in Austria with two bombs in his possession, and a Western paper mildly suggests that perhaps the poor fellow was on his way to visit his wife's folks.—*Com. Adv.*

Oscar wants a new table etiquette, does he? Well, let him take a pan of hash, a two-tined fork and a copy of the "Fool's Errand," then go off into the wildwood and start a little one of his own.—*Com. Adv.*

A New Yorker has been fined three hundred dollars for giving tobacco to a giraffe, and along about next summer, after the narcotic has reached its destination, we shall doubtless hear from the giraffe.—*Chicago Check.*

The girls have no right to complain of the fellows gambling. The girls like polka as much as anybody else.—*Sunday Mirror.* The difficulty is they won't come to dots and swing out, unless diamonds lead.—*Burlington Enterprise.*

A Cincinnati paper reports the wedding of Adolph Limburger with Augusta Schweitzer. Each thought the other "just the cheese." —*Ed. L. Adams.* What aroma that cheese must have been among the gales of Araby the blest.—*Burlington Enterprise.*

A Chicago drummer, returning to the city last week, bought a sandwich at the Northwestern depot and took it home. The children took hold of it with a pair of tongs and dragged it out into the back yard. They then put a coal of fire upon its back, but it did not move.—*Chicago Eye.*

We read in a beautiful poem of where he "kissed her in the quivering moonlight." Now this mode wouldn't suit us at all. If we were going to kiss a girl, a frivolity we never engage in, we'd kiss her in the mouth, or bust. No quivering moonlight in ours. —*Phunny Phellow.*

He continually played on the horn, "Sweet Maiden, Hear my Prayer." The maiden lady next door sent word with her "compliments," that she had heard his prayer, and that she would pay a month's board for him, "in advance," if he'd move to another part of the town.—*Philadelphia Item.*

A PICTURE FROM POMPEII.

M. E. N. Rolfe, writing from Naples, says: An important painting has been found in Pompeii, and placed in the Naples Museum among the Pompeian frescoes. It represents the judgment of Solomon, and is the first picture on a sacred subject, the first fragment either of Judaism or Christianity, that has been discovered in the buried cities. The picture is 5½ feet long and 19 inches in height, and is surrounded by a black line about an inch in width. The scene is laid upon a terrace in front of a house adorned with creeping plants and shaded with a white awning. On a dais (represented as being about four feet high) sits the King, holding a scepter and robed in white. On each side of him sits a counsellor, and behind them six soldiers under arms. The King is represented as leaning over the front of the dais toward a woman in a green robe, who kneels before him with disheveled hair and outstretched hands. In the centre of the court is a three-legged table, like a butcher's block, upon which lies an infant, who is held in a recumbent position, in spite of his struggles, by a woman wearing a turban. A soldier in armor, and wearing a helmet with a long red plume, holds the legs of the infant, and is about to cleave it in two with his falchion. A group of spectators completes the picture, which contains in all nineteen figures. The drawing is poor, but the colors are particularly bright, and the preservation is excellent. As a work of work, it is below the average Pompeian standard, but it is full of spirit and drawn with great freedom. The bodies of the figures are dwarfed, and their heads (out of all proportion) large, which gives color to the assertion that it was intended for a caricature directed against the Jews and their religion. This may be so, but my own impression is that the artist was anxious to develop the facial expression, and to do this, exaggerated the heads. There is nothing of the caricature about it in other respects —the agony of the kneeling mother, the attention of the listening king, and the triumph of the second woman, who gloats over the division of the child—are all manifest, and to my mind there is no attempt, intentionally, to burlesque the incident; but this is a matter of opinion.

AN EXPERIMENT WITH SALT.

Do you want to grow salt, and, at the same time, have an interesting, handsome ornament? The proceeding is a novel chemical experiment that may be tried by any one. Put in a goblet one tablespoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of bluing; fill the goblet two-thirds full of water and set it in a position where it will have plenty of warmth and sunlight. In a little while sparkling crystals will commence forming on the outside of the glass, and it is both a novel and interesting sight to watch it gradually growing, day by day, until the outside of the goblet is entirely covered over with beautiful white crystals. Another variation of this beautiful experiment would be to take a goblet with the base broken off and fasten it in the centre of a thin piece of board, which may be round, square or oblong. After the crystals have formed on the glass, set it on a tiny wall bracket, and place a bright holiday or birthday card in front of it; this will hide the base, on which no crystals will form. After this is done, fill the goblet with flowers or dried grasses, and you will have a vase which will cost comparatively little, and in reality adds to the bric-a-brac of the room.

There is no secret in the heart which our actions do not disclose. The most consummate hypocrite cannot at all times conceal the workings of the mind.

Versatility is what pleases the world. The man who can play decently well on two fiddles at once can eclipse the best one-horse fiddler living.

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

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Pure Candies.

E. C. ATWOOD,

(Successor to McDonald & Atwood,)

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Send in your Thanksgiving and Christmas Orders as early as possible.

We have now the

Largest and Best Assortment of Candles

in Boston, and manufacture everything we sell. nov1yz8t

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SCROLL SAWS

FROM $2 to $25 EACH!

Fleetwood, Lester, Rival, Empire, Rogers,

ALSO THE

NEW AMERICA!

The Latest and Best Saw in the market at the price. Also a large variety of

Designs, Woods, and Scroll Materials.

Tool Chests

FROM 50 CTS. TO $50 EACH.

Engine and Combination Lathes for Amateurs and Mechanics. For sale by

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MOLLER'S NORWEGIAN COD-LIVER OIL

Cheapest & Best

Superior to any. Highest medical authorities testify to its delicacy of taste and smell. For sale by Druggists.

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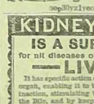

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Beautifying the Complexion

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KIDNEY-WORT

IS A SURE CURE

for all diseases of the Kidneys and

LIVER

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.

In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

KIDNEY-WORT

PERUVIAN SYRUP

AN IRON TONIC

Cures Dyspepsia, Nervous Affections, General Debility, Fever and Ague, Paralysis, Chronic Diarrhœa, Boils, Dropsy, Humors, Female Complaints, Liver Complaint, Remittent Fever, and all diseases originating in a bad State of the Blood, or accompanied by Debility or a low State of the System.

MALT BITTERS

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MALT, HOPS, QUININE BARK, Etc.

A Blood Food for

DELICATE WOMEN, NURSING MOTHERS, SICKLY CHILDREN, THE AGED, CONVALESCENT, OVERWORKED, CAREWORN, EMACIATED, NERVOUS AND SLEEPLESS.

50 Times More Nourishing than any Malt Liquor, while free from its injurious properties.

IMPORTANT TO

HORSE OWNERS.

See that your blacksmith uses only the

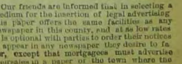
PUTNAM NAIL,

Forged hot from the rod, thus—

Cheap Cut Nails are Dangerous.

The Putnam Nail Co. manufactures the only Hot Forged and Hammer Pointed Horse Shoe Nail by machinery in the world.

CAUTION.—Some other manufacturers claim to make a Hot Forged Nail, but you will observe on all such a sheared edge near the point. Such nails are liable to sliver in driving, thus—



Legal Advertising.

Our friends are informed that in selecting a medium for the insertion of legal advertising this paper offers the same facilities as any newspaper in this county, and at as low rates It is optional with parties to order their notices to appear in any newspaper they desire to favor, except that mortgagees must advertise their sales in a paper of the town where the real estate is located. yztf

When the Frost is on the Punkin.

When the frost is on the punkin, and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence—
O, it's then's the time a feller is a feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of gracious rest,
As he leaves the house bareheaded, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin, and the fodder's in the shock.

There's somepin kind o' hearty like about the atmosphere
When the heat o' summer's over, and the coolin' fall is here.
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossom on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin' birds and buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin,' and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the early autumn days
Is a picture that no painter has the colorin' to mock,
When the frost is on the punkin, and the fodder's in the shock.

The Coming of Thanksgiving.

One of the best things in farming is gathering the chestnuts, hickorynuts, butternuts and even beechnuts in the late fall, after the frosts have cracked the husks and the high winds have shaken them, and the colored leaves have strewn the ground. On a bright October day, when the air is filled with golden sunshine, there is nothing quite so exhilarating as going nutting. Nor is the pleasure of it altogether destroyed for the boy by the consideration that he is making himself useful in obtaining supplies for the winter household. The getting in of potatoes and corn is a different thing; that is the prose, but nutting is the poetry of farm life. I am not sure but the boy would find it irksome, though, if he were obliged to work at nut-gathering in order to procure food for the family. He is willing to make himself useful in his own way. The Italian boy, who works day after day at a huge pile of pine cones, pounding and cracking them and taking out the long seeds, which are sold and eaten as we eat nuts (and which are almost as good as pumpkin-seeds, another favorite with the Italians), probably does not see the fun of nutting. Indeed, if the farmer-boy here were set at pounding off the walnut-shucks and opening the prickly chestnut-burs as a task, he would think himself an ill-used boy. What a hardship the prickles in his fingers would be! But now he digs them out with his jack-knife, and enjoys the process on the whole. The boy is willing to do any amount of work if it is called play.

In outting the squirrel is not more nimble and industrious than the boy. I like to see a crowd of boys swarm over a chestnut-grove; they leave a desert behind them like the seventeen-years locusts. To climb a tree and shake it, to club it, and pass to the next, is the sport of a brief time. I have seen a legion of boys scamper over our grass-plot under the chestnut-trees, each one as active as if he were a new patent picking-machine, sweeping the ground clear of nuts, and disappear over the hill before I could go to the door to speak to them about it. Indeed, I have noticed that boys don't care much for conversation with the owners of fruit trees. They could speedily make their fortunes if they would work as rapidly in cotton-fields. I have never seen anything like it except a flock of turkeys removing the grasshoppers from a piece of pasture.

Perhaps it is not generally known that we get the idea of some of our best military manœuvres from the turkey. The deploying of the skirmish line in advance of an army is one of them. The drum-major of our holiday militia companies is copied exactly from the turkey gobbler; he has the same splendid appearance, the same proud step, and the same martial aspect. The gobbler does not lead his forces in the field but he goes behind them, like the colonel of a regiment, so that he can see every part of the line and direct its movements. This resemblance is one of the most singular things in natural history. I like to watch the gobbler manœuvring his forces in a grasshopper field. He throws out his company of two dozen turkeys in a crescent-shaped line, the number disposed at equal distances, while he walks majestically in the rear. They advance rapidly, picking right and left with military precision, killing the foe and disposing of their dead bodies with the same peck. Nobody has yet discovered how many grasshoppers a turkey will hold; but he is very much like a boy at a Thanksgiving dinner,—he keeps on eating as long as the supplies last. The gobbler, in one of these raids, does not condescend to grab a single grass-hopper—at least not while anyone is watching him. But I suppose he makes up for it when his dignity cannot be injured by having spectators of his voracity; perhaps he falls upon the grasshoppers when they are driven into the corner of the field. But he is only fattening himself for destruction; like all greedy persons he comes to a bad end. And if the turkeys had any Sunday school they would be taught this.

The New England boy used to look forward to Thanksgiving as the great event of the year. He was apt to get stents set him,—so much corn to husk, for instance, before that day, so that he could have an extra play-spell; and in order to gain a day or two, he would work at his task with the rapidity of half a dozen boys. He had the day after Thanksgiving always as a holiday and this was the day he counted on.

Thanksgiving itself was rather an awful festival,—very much like Sunday, except for the enormous dinner, which filled his imagination for months before as completely as it did his stomach for that day and a week after. There was an impression in the house that that dinner was the most important event since the landing from the Mayflower. Heliogabalus, who did not resemble a Pilgrim Father at all, but who had prepared for himself in his day some very sumptuous banquets in Rome and ate a great deal of the best he could get (and liked peacocks stuffed with asafœtida, for one thing), never had anything like a Thanksgiving dinner; for do you suppose that he or Sardanapalus either ever had twenty-four different kinds of pie at one dinner? Therein many a New England boy is greater than the Roman emperor or the Assyrian king, and these were among the most luxurious eaters of their day and generation. But something more is necessary to make good men than plenty to eat, as Heliogabalus no doubt found when his head was cut off. Cutting off the head was a mode the people had of expressing disapproval of their conspicuous men. Nowadays they elect them to some higher office, or give them a mission to some foreign country, if they do not do well where they are.

For days and days before Thanksgiving the boy was kept at work evenings, pounding and paring and cutting up and mixing (not being allowed to taste much), until the world seemed to him to be made of fragrant spices, green fruit, raisins and pastry,—a world that he was only yet allowed to enjoy through his nose. How filled the house was with the most delicious smells! The mince-pies that were made! If John had been shut in solid walls with them piled about him he couldn't have eaten his way out in four weeks. There were dainties enough cooked in those two weeks to have made the entire year luscious with good living, if they had been scattered along in it. But people were probably all the better for scrimping themselves a little in order to make this a great feast. And it was not by any means over in a day. There were weeks deep of chicken-pie and other pastry. The cold buttery was a cave of Aladdin, and it took a long time to excavate all its riches.

Thanksgiving Day itself was a heavy day, the hilarity of it being so subdued by going to meeting, and the universal wearing of Sunday clothes, that the boy couldn't see it. But if he felt like exhilaration, he ate a great deal. The next day was the real holiday. Then were the merry-making parties, and perhaps the skatings and sleighrides, for the freezing weather came before the governor's proclamation in many parts of New England. The night after Thanksgiving occurred, perhaps, the first real party that John had ever attended, with live girls in it, dressed so bewitchingly. And there he heard those philandering songs, and played those sweet games of forfeits, which put him quite beside himself, and kept him awake that night till the rooster crowed at the end of his first chicken-nap. What a new world did that party open to him! I think it likely that he saw there, and probably did not dare say ten words to, some tall, graceful girl, much older than himself, who seemed to him like a new order of being. He could see her face just as plainly in the darkness of his chamber. He wondered if she noticed how awkward he was, and how short his trousers-legs were. He blushed as he thought of his rather ill-fitting shoes; and determined then and there that he wouldn't be put off with a ribbon any longer, but would have a young man's necktie. It was somewhat painful thinking the party over, but it was delicious too. He did not think, probably, that he would die for that tall, handsome girl; he did not put it exactly in that way. But he rather resolved to live for her,—which might in the end amount to the same thing. At least, he thought that nobody would live to speak twice disrespectfully of her in his presence.—[Warner.

Feeding Frogs with Mice.

It is pleasing to see Mr. George T. Bushnell feed his edible frogs, which are confined in a shallow tank and kept from emaciation by artificial feeding, says the Norwich Bulletin. A frog will eat only that which moves, hence scraps of meat have to be attached to a string and moved in a very life-like and deceptive way. If the batrachians are neglected, cannibal-like, they eat the smaller ones. Several times living mice have been put into the tank. The mouse makes a lively run for life and the frogs seem to enjoy it. With heads up and eyes twinkling, every one shows an active interest in the victim as he runs from back to back of the occupants. Finally one jumps and snaps the coveted morsel, leaving nothing in sight but the cable-like tail. He then closes his eyes and sits demurely in the midst of a gazing circle, silent, but satisfied. Now and then a covetous neighbor will seize the protruding tail and jerk his frogship across the tank, but he does not relax his hold. His stolid indifference to abuse suggests that he may have a motto like this somewhere: "I have the morsel, boys, and you may have the fun." He never chews his food, but absorbs it just as a boy dissolves a gum-drop. About two hours after the swallowing feat, he expectorates a wad of fur and bones, and winks wickedly at his neighbors who have dined on cold cuts of stale halibut swung on a string.

This is no Idle Boast, but an Assured Fact

THAT WE CAN AND DO SELL

FURNITURE

—AND—

CARPETS

Cheaper by at least 20 per cent. than any house in Boston.

Don't be misled by the so-called wholesale prices you see advertised, it is all a humbug, and calculated only to deceive, for the only possible way to purchase goods less than retail prices is to buy direct of the manufacturers and save two or three intermediate profits. Our immense stores are completely filled with genuine bargains in all departments, which we must realize on, as we find ourselves overstocked.

150 parlor suits, our own make, all styles and coverings; a few suits, complete, of 7 pieces each, only $32; 500 elegant black walnut, ash and painted chamber sets, in all the latest and handsomest designs; 50 heavy black walnut sets, finely trimmed and finished complete, with springs and mattress, $45—set alone worth $55; the famous $10 woven wire spring we sell for $5; a $15 hair mattress for $8.75, and

Special Attractions

in everything needed to furnish your house.
No charge for packing and shipping goods.

F. D. OSGOOD FURNITURE CO.,

886 & 888 Washington Street,

corner Pine St., Boston.

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HEART DISEASE!

Now IS YOUR HEART SOUND?

Many people think themselves sick and doctor for kidney or liver troubles, or dyspepsia, while if the truth were known, the real cause is at the heart. The renowned Dr. Clendinning, startlingly says "one-third of my subjects show signs of heart disease." The heart weighs about nine ounces, and yet man's twenty-eight pounds of blood passes through it once in a minute and a-half, resting not day or night! Surely this subject should have careful attention. Dr. Graves a celebrated physician has prepared a specific for all heart troubles and kindred disorders. It is known as **Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator** *and can be obtained at your druggists, $1. per bottle, six bottles for $5 by express. Send stamp for Dr. Graves' thorough and exhaustive treatise.* (1)
F. E. Ingalls, Sole American Agent, Concord, N. H.

HEART TROUBLES!

CHANDLER & FARQUHAR

168 Devonshire Street, Boston.

Dealers in

Machinists' Tools!

and SUPPLIES

And General Hardware, BITS, Files and Tools, Swiss and American Hand Cut Files, DRILLS, Reamers, Set, Cap, Machine Screws, Gears, etc. nov2tyz13t

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY

WILL CERTAINLY CURE

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, and every Affection of the Throat, Lungs and Chest, including Consumption. Sold by all Druggists.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

A Sure Cure for all FEMALE WEAKNESSES, Including Leucorrhœa, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Flooding, PROLAPSUS UTERI, &c.

☞Pleasant to the taste, efficacious and immediate in its effect. It is a great help in pregnancy, and relieves pain during labor and at regular periods.

PHYSICIANS USE IT AND PRESCRIBE IT FREELY.

☞FOR ALL WEAKNESSES of the generative organs of either sex, it is second to no remedy that has ever been before the public; and for all diseases of the KIDNEYS it is the *Greatest Remedy in the World.*

☞**KIDNEY COMPLAINTS of Either Sex Find Great Relief in Its Use.**

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the Blood, at the same time will give tone and strength to the system. As marvellous in results as the Compound.

☞Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. The Compound is sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. *Mention this Paper.*

☞LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents.

☞Sold by all Druggists.☜ (3)

MALT BITTERS

Malt Bitters Company

A NOURISHING FOOD

WHICH OVERCOMES

Deep-Seated Coughs, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Wasting of the Kidneys, Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Emaciation, and Mental, Physical and Nervous Debility.

Indorsed by the best Physicians.

KIDNEY-WORT

HAS BEEN PROVED

The SUREST CURE for

KIDNEY DISEASES.

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.

Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

KIDNEY-WORT

Political Notes and Observations.

The Journal says: "It is written in the book of predictions at the state house that Gov. Long will be chosen United States senator to succeed Senator Hoar, whose term expires March 31, 1883; Lieut. Gov. Ames is booked as the successor of Congressman Long, and as his services will not be needed at Washington, unless there should be a special session, until December, 1883, it will depend upon the date of the election to fill the vacancy in the second congressional district whether Mr. Ames will resign before the date of the meeting of congress. The resignation of a lieutenant governor could only be filled by a popular election, but it is not likely that it would be.

The Boston Sunday Globe predicted that Butler would receive 134,000; Bishop 120,000, and Almy 1800. The exact returns show that Butler received 133,550; Bishop 120,580; and Almy 1,830. On the other hand, the Herald, after canvassing the whole state, said that although Butler was strong in certain quarters still Bishop would be elected.

Would you know the meaning of the political revolution which struck its first blow in Ohio in October, and swept Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts and Colorado on Tuesday last? It means these four things: 1. Reduce the expenses of every branch of the federal government to a basis of simplicity, economy and honesty. 2 Abolish the internal revenue abomination. 3. Make the tariff simple and rational, and just sufficient to provide for the wants of an honest and economical administration in time of peace. 4. No subsidies, no jobs and, above all, no stealing, either by the administration and its agents, or by Congress and its employes.—[New York Sun.

Horace Greeley said in the days of the rebellion: "The trouble with us—the people of the United States—is that we want a——good licking, and the trouble with that is that we can't find any one big enough to lick us." In speaking of this afterward Mr. George William Curtis added: "And so we had to go to work and lick ourselves." For republicans this seems to be one of the morals of Tuesday's elections.—[New York Graphic.

Profanity an Offense Against Morality and Decency.

BY REV. A. F. NEWTON.

"Whosoever wilfully blasphemes the holy name of God, by denying, cursing or contumeliously reproaching God, his creation, government, or final judging of the world, or by cursing or contumeliously reproaching Jesus Christ, or the Holy Ghost, or by cursing or contumeliously reproaching the holy word of God, contained in the holy scriptures or exposing them to contempt and ridicule, shall be punished by imprisonment in the State Prison not exceeding 2 years, or in the jail not exceeding 1 year, or by fine not exceeding $300 and may also be bound to good behavior." Gen. Statutes of Mass., chapter 165, section 19.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain. Exodus, chap. 20, verse 7.

The first of these quotations is one of the laws of the land to prevent those crimes that are "offenses against chastity, morality and decency."

The second quotation is one of the commandments given to the world by Jehovah himself through his servant Moses in the midst of the terrible solemnity that surrounded Mt. Sinai, when God spoke all the words of the ten commandments.

There is great power in the record that sets forth the appropriateness with which people received the law of God. When the people saw the thunderings and the lightenings and the noise of the trumpet and the mountain smoking, they stood afar off.

These lines are written because there is not that reverence for the name of Jehovah and respect for his holy law existing to-day that are due unto him whose throne is surrounded with righteousness and judgment.

More than once we have heard profanity on the streets of our beautiful village.

The moral sense and religious instincts of worthy citizens and refined ladies and the plastic minds of children are abused by these profane utterances.

Worse than this, if possible, is the fact that the lips of young boys are blistered with the awful profanity uttered in our public streets. These utterances are heard in the midst of large groups of school children, whose ages vary from 6 to 15 years. Friends of good order, citizens who have the highest welfare of our homes near your heart, teachers of our youth, guardians of our purity, we appeal to you for a denunciation of this crime and sin.

Think of your daughters and sons being thus early robbed of reverence for the God whose benevolence crowns our days with innumerable blessings.

However, you, my readers, may differ from me in your religious creed, we surely are agreed that the interests of self-respect, the purity of our children, the sanctity of our obligations to God are such that profanity cannot exist among us without bringing ruin upon those interests that are held most dear. Will the pastors of the churches and the teachers of the public schools and the parents in the homes and the police in their round of delegated responsibilities rebuke this offense against the law of God and man?

Rector (whose curate has lately left the parish) visiting old woman, "Well Betty; I expect you will miss Mr. Robinson a good deal?" Betty: "Oh, yes, sir! He were a beautiful young man, sir!" Rector: "Well, he was a very good man, Betty; but I don't know about his being exactly 'beautiful.'" Betty: "Oh, he weren't much to look at in the face, I know, but, ler', sir, his innards was lovely."

A Foolish Question.

A question is occupying a good deal of the space of the religious journals of the day, which seems to be about as unpractical as anything could well be. One can hardly take up a religious paper without finding a long article taking one side or the other of the question, Whether those who die in infancy have a probation after death? What a question that is for theologians to be getting up a discussion over! In the first place, how are they going to find out? and, in the next place, what good would it do if they did?

They would hardly say that they could produce any moral effect upon the child before death, which would alter his experiences afterward. How fortunate for the children that they are taken care of by a loving father when they leave this world, instead of falling a prey to theorizing theologians. Some people has seemed to have a grudge against the little ones ever since the disciples tried to keep them away from Jesus. But he said: "Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."—[Herald.

What it Costs Mr. Faxon.

H. H. Faxon, the well known prohibition worker, states and there is no reason to doubt it, that his present temperance campaign will have cost at least $5,000, which will come out of his own pocket. His headquarters in the Wesleyan building on Bromfield street is a fair-sized room, which may fairly be called a curiosity shop, filled as it is with all sorts and sizes of temperance documents and appeals issued during the last twenty years. Clerks are constantly kept busy in sending out the various documents bearing on the prohibitory question.

"They tell me Mr. Brown has a great ear for music," said Fenderson. "Yes," replied Fogg. "I know he had a great ear, two of them in fact; but I did not know they were for music. I supposed they were for brushing flies off the top of his head."

Bric-a-Brac.

The Boston Transcript says that gray hairs are honorable, excepting when they are very long and found on your coat sleeve.

"ROUGH ON RATS."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

It sometimes happens that people who are married are only basted together, while others are stitched together so firmly that they can never be parted.

"Too late to whet the sword when the trumpet sounds to draw it. But never too late to whet your appetite by taking Kidney Wort, restoring health and making yourself a well, strong, hearty man. It is unequalled as a remedy for all liver, bowels and kidney diseases. All druggists keep and recommend it.

A quaint old minister was once asked what he tho't of his two sons, who were both preachers. "Well," he replied, "George has a better show in his shop window than John, but John has a larger stock in his warehouse."

"BUCHUPAIBA."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary diseases. $1. Druggist.

There is nothing so healthy as honest laughter. A woman who had recovered from a decline was asked what cured her, and her reply was, "I stopped worrying and began to laugh; that is all.

PERUVIAN SYRUP cures Dyspepsia, General Debility, Liver Complaint, Boils, Humors, Chronic Diarrhœa, Nervous Affections Female Complaints, and all diseases originating in a bad state of the blood.

Lordly castles are besieged or betrayed, while the wooden latch of poverty secures the lowly cottage.

SKINNY MEN.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. $1.

The sleepless, anxious pillow is stuffed with down, while the straw pallet is blessed with sound sleep.

"That wonderful catholicon known as Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has given the lady a world-wide reputation for doing good. It is like a living spring to the vital constitution. Her Blood Purifier will do more to cleanse the channels of the circulation and purify the life of the body than all the sanitary devices of the Board of Health.

Seein' is believin'; but it ain't them that stare the most who see the best always.

It seems impossible that a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., should make so many and such great cures as Hop Bitters do; but when old and young, rich and poor, pastor and doctor, lawyer and editor, all testify to having been cured by them, you must believe and try them yourself, and doubt no longer.

Lawyers ain't like coachmen, they take their tip before they start, the others wait till the journey is over.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a really remarkable and time-honored medicine. It is the best known remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs.

There is a private spring to every one's affection; if you can find that, and touch it, the door will fly open, though it was a miser's heart.

It requires a good stock of wit to set up for a wag; and though quizzin' is very pleasant, it's a game that two can play at.

A Popular Journal.

We are in receipt of the "Mechanical News" for November 1st, published by James Leffel & Co., No. 110 Liberty Street, New York, and take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the same.

With the present number the publishers send out a supplement in the shape of an illustrated Premium List, that reflects credit in the selection of articles offered, and the typographical appearance of the List. Upon application to the publishers, this Premium List will be sent free to any address, and from its pages useful articles can be secured, with or without the paper, at a reasonable price, and with the certainty of fair treatment, as the subscriber or purchaser will be dealing with an old and reliable business firm. The List will be found very useful to those who live remote from the large cities, for the selection of holiday presents.

The "News" is among the best papers that come to our editorial table, filled as it is with original and choice illustrations of the important and novel inventions of the times. Its editorial pages are replete with well considered articles on practical subjects, readily understood by any reader; while its comprehensive news melange makes it attractive to those interested in the industrial prosperity of our country—the whole forming a rich store of useful reading. The "News" is furnished at One Dollar per year, including a useful premium. yal

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Look! Premiums to Club Raisers:

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Four copies and 3 engravings to club raiser,	6 60
For a club of five, with a remittance of we will give one free copy of the Lady's Book for one year, and any 6 of the engravings the club raiser may select.	10 50
For a club of ten, with a remittance of we will give one copy of the Lady's Book for one year, 10 engravings and a handsome portfolio.	18 50
For a club of 15, with a remittance of we will give one copy of the Lady's Book for one year, 15 engravings and a handsome portfolio.	27 00
For a club of 20, with remittance of we will give one copy of the Lady's Book for one year, the entire 20 engravings and a handsome portfolio.	33 50

On application the publishers will furnish a list of the twenty engravings from which you may make your own selection.

Specimen copy of Lady's Book sent free to club raisers only.

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PUBLISHERS GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,
Philadelphia, Pa.

nov4yztt

ACROSTIC.

On Hanover street, Boston City,
Heads the subject of this ditty:—
In Huse's 99 Cent Store,
Great crowds assembled as before.
I paused, the place to designate.—
Now seventy-four to seventy-eight;—
And thus beheld most costly ware,
Long years of thrift established there.

No place like this for Boots and Shoes,
In Hats, fine handsome styles to choose;
New silver plated goods displayed;
Every kind of Jewelry made;
Toilet sets and Vases, here;
"Ye Smoker's Figures," quaint and queer.
Neat Marble Tables, richly wrought;
In Mirrors, quite a costly lot;
Nice, Folding Camp and Rocking Chairs;
Easy Hammocks that soothe your cares.

Chromos large, with or without frames;
Engravings, Mottoes, many names;
Never were more beautiful Lamps;
Traveling Bags for all the tramps.

Spectacles, Eye-glasses, for sight;
The best of Clocks, warranted right;
Of Musical Instruments, no end;
Rich Albums, presents for each friend;
Express, Doll Wagons, Dolls and all.—
So! So! thought I, 'tis best to call.

Great, great, indeed, was my surprise;

Most all that lay before my eyes

Here, each for ninety-nine cents sold—
Under one-half their worth I'm told.—
So, then, I purchased good gold Rings,
Ear-drops, Lockets, Chains and things;

Pleased my wife my children all,
'Roused my friends and neighbors to call,
Opened the way to ease and wealth,
Prospered, and so improved my health,
Ready to share my luck to-day,
Is why I show to you the way:
Enquire for Hanover street, and take
The Seventy-four to Seventy-eight
Original Ninety-nine Cent Store,
'Round the corner, one Portland St. door.

99 CENT STORE,

74 to 78 Hanover Street, Boston.

(Corner of Portland Street.)

(OPEN EVENINGS.) nov4yz9t

FREE!

MOSS ROSE DECORATED TEA SETS, FRENCH CHINA GOLD BAND TEA SETS, STONE CHINA DINNER SETS, and hundreds of other premiums, to persons getting up TEA CLUBS. Teas from 50c. a pound up. All goods warranted satisfactory. SEND POSTAL CARD for CATALOGUE. AMOY TEA CO., 333 Broadway, Prov., R. oct1yz4t.

OUR INWOOD DOUBLE OVEN RANGE

Complete With all the Wear,

$23.

This range is made of the best pig iron (no old iron or refuse used). The castings are finely finished and the trimmings nickel. It has the divided top, which prevents the possibility of cracking. Reeds patent damper, shelf on each end, automatic oven shelf, broiler door, patent sifter and anti-clinker grate; and is in every respect a thoroughly reliable article We offer it anywhere in New England for

$4 Down
AND
$1 per Week

Until paid, or $4 per month when parties live at a distance or draw pay monthly.

In addition to above Range we carry the best line of Parlor Stoves and Ranges to be seen on any one floor in the city, and solicit inspection.

The public show their appreciation of a bargain in our large sales of marked-down

PARLOR SUITS

The lot of 600 offered by us Sept. 26, in six different styles, covered with best Hair Cloth, Spun Silk and imported French Delaine, 7 pieces complete, for

$40

Former prices $55 to $65, being already reduced to $48. The terms on which we offer those sets are

$5 Down
AND
$5 per Month.

Of the 800 Black Walnut Chamber Suits offered by us Aug. 1, only 181 remain. They are in eight different patterns, including a French Bureau and Dressing-case Sets, with stationary and swing-glasses, and consist of 10 pieces, guaranteed to be solid black walnut, handsomely paneled, and best Italian Marble tops. Our price is $45, and the terms same as those given above for the Parlor Suits.

ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

No charge for packing. Goods delivered free of charge at different depots.

W. H. Hervey & Co.,

5 Union Street, 5

Opp. Friend Street, Boston.

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MASONIC TEMPLE

FURNITURE STORE,

Boston, offers magnificent bargains in FURNITURE,

Carpetings,

Paper Hangings & Window Shades.

All goods at strictly wholesale prices. We make a specialty of fine Chamber and Parlor goods. A splendid Black Walnut Chamber Suit in 10 pieces at $45. Our assortment includes Rattan Goods, Lawn and Piazza Chairs, Mahogany and Ebony articles, Folding Chairs, Bookcases, Mirrors, Refrigerators, Hammocks, and all other goods in popular demand. We have a full variety in Carpeting and Paper Hangings at lowest quotations. Fine shade work done at shortest notice. Be sure and visit our warerooms before purchasing elsewhere.

H. M. Greenough,

MASONIC TEMPLE,

183 Tremont & 37 1-2 Boylston st.

BOSTON, MASS.

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nov4yz14t BOSTON.

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ORGANS are certainly best, having been so decreed at every Great World's Industrial Competition for Sixteen Years; no other American organs having been found equal at any. Also cheapest, Style 109; 3 1-4 octaves; sufficient compass and power, with best quality, for popular sacred and secular music in schools or families, at only $22. One hundred other styles at $30, $57, $66, $72, $78, $93, $108, $114 to $500 and up. The larger styles are wholly unrivaled by any other organs. Also for easy payments. New Illustrated Catalogue Free

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Cushing Academy.

Winter Term begins Dec. 13. Seven teachers, 128 students. Full lines of study in Greek, Latin, French, German, Mathematics, Science, Grammar, Literature, Political Economy, Mental Philosophy, etc. Very superior advantages for Piano—$12 a term. Daily instruction in Vocal Music to the whole school free.

—FINE CHANCE TO LEARN PENMANSHIP.—

First-class instruction 3 days a week for the whole term—36 lessons—for only $3 extra.

SPECIAL CLASS IN PEDAGOGICS FOR TEACHERS.

Tuition $7. Board $3 to $4. Send for a catalogue. APPLY EARLY, before places are full.

JAMES E. VOSE, Principal.

Ashburnham, Mass., Nov. 1, 1882.

novt1yz4t

Madura Temple.

Madura is a city of 72,000 souls. It is chiefly celebrated as the seat of the great temple of Meenatchi, the fish eyed goddess. I wish to tell you of my last visit to this great stronghold of Hindooism.

You may judge of the size of this temple when I say that South India temples are the largest the world has ever seen; and of these the Madura temple is third in size. But while a little surpassed by two others in magnitude those two do not compare with it in wealth, magnificence and richness of architectural design and artistic labor. It covers an area of ten acres and is surrounded by massive walls 20 feet high. The walls are mounted by broad towers 250 feet high, of which there are four standing, one over every gate of entrance. These towers are covered with human and other figures of fantastic form, all painted in lively colors, which give the towers a dazzling appearance.

As one stands without and gazes upon the stone carvings of the temple he gets an idea of the lavish wealth and consummate artistic skill displayed in it—an idea which is greatly heightened and which warms into an unbounded enthusiasm as he enters the temple and observes the numberless carvings in massive granite.

Certainly I have seen nowhere else such a combination of the massive and the delicate in the art of sculpture. Not that these compare with the Grecian sculptural efforts in proportion and beauty, for many of them are hideous and assume attitudes perfectly unnatural; many of them are also ghastly in their cruelty and others intolerable in their obscenity.

Still the combined skill of the artist the patient plodding of the chiseler and the lavish offering of the devotee all meet in such profusion in these stones as to almost bewilder the visitor. Here a granite 15 feet high is transformed into an image of a god; there another stone represents a life size group, a man presenting his sister as bride to a king.

Upon entering we first come to the hall of a thousand pillars, so named from the number of its pillars. Upon a large number of these pillars are carved elaborate representations of gods and kings. One is a large image of a handsome woman. At her side is an imp in stone about 8 feet 4 inches in height. It is the privilege of every one to spit in the face of this creature—a privilege fully enjoyed if we may judge from its filthy appearance. The story of this, as told me by one of the priests, is to the effect that a man made improper advances to a woman who withstood him and invoked a curse upon his head, whereupon he, for his sin, was transformed into a devil thus to be spat upon; while she, for her purity, was deified. This is worth telling since it is one of the very few stories of good moral point connected with the temple, and since also the whole inner life of this temple is so sadly in contrast with this teaching, for there is connected with it a large number of women called servants of God, who are supposed to be wedded to a god and dance in attendance upon the images and idols at the festivals. But their life is without exception publicly and notoriously immoral.

We now go toward the inner shrines of the temple. The temple was primarily built as the abode of a god. But the common people deserted him and set their hearts upon the "fish-eyed goddess," to whom the Brahmins built a shrine. From that time on her shrine became popular and her worship ascendant. At these shrines darkness prevails softened only by the dim light of a few lamps which always burn before the idols. Here lavish expenditure and exquisite works of art contend with filth and stench for our attention. The character of the religion as one of fear is betrayed by two immense idols at whose feet lie human beings with heads nearly severed from their bodies by one blow of the divine swords! As we look on, a woman is making a pilgrimage of six circles around a pair of idols—an act of great merit.

On the other side we see a lazy monk, by which class this country is overrun, going through his devotions before the shrine. His devotion is perceptibly increased by our attention. He mumbles his incantations and prostrates himself so that the 8 required parts of his body may simultaneously touch the earth. Close by stand a few of the 40 fat priests of the temple. They are polite to me, and freely reply to all my questions. We pass on, not being allowed to enter the shrines, of course, that being the exclusive privilege of the Brahmins. We pass a number of workmen, mostly masons, at work repairing or perfecting the temple. There are 700 such workmen constantly employed and this work is paid for by the private offerings of devotees without intrenching upon the $100,000 annual income of the temple.

THE ENDOWMENT OF GOVERNMENT.

We proceed and come to a secluded spot where our attention is called by a very disagreeable odor. Upon inquiry I found this odor to come from a stone trough. The sight of it was no more tolerable than the smell. Still it must be endured, for I am told it is the maha phava nasam, the complete destroyer of sin, in fact the most sacred place within the precincts. If you ask what is in that trough you will be told that it is the refuse of the bathings of the gods. They bathe the idols with oil and water daily. This flows through a filthy passage into this trough and stands there until it becomes pestilential as well as odoriferous. The greatest of all sinners need only come here and pour some of this stuff upon his head, and drink a little in order to have his sins entirely removed! Think of this trinity of filth, ignorance and corruption! While we were standing near, a woman descended, dipped her hand and poured some of it over her head and was passing away believing her sin removed when I tried to tell her about her error. But she only cast upon me a look of mingled incredulity and pity and left us alone. You can talk with Hindu men and often reason them out of this folly, but the women are made well nigh unapproachable by their complacent ignorance and profound devotion. Indeed the strength of Hinduism seems to lie in the Hindu woman.

We pass the shrine of the nine planets which are much worshipped, and traverse another long corridor devoted to the bats; at least the most characteristic thing of it is the screeches and stench of these innumerable creatures, a true type of the religion which we are examining and a reminder of the prophecy of Isaiah II:20. We next come to the sacred tank, which, like their other sacred things, is decidedly filthy. Its water is stagnant, green and unhealthy. Yet in its sacred liquid several Bramans stand and go through their ablutions including the filling of their mouths with the water. Whether they drink it or not I cannot affirm.

I might speak of the costly jewels which are locked here and the three large elephants which assist in the temple, the large cars which carry the idols yearly to a neighboring tank for a bath and many other things of interest, but I have said enough.

The chief thing which impresses one in this temple is the strength and subtle influence which idolatry possesses in this one of its headquarters. It is often said that Hinduism is dying. This is true and yet in the vicinity of this temple it still has youthful vigor and giant strength. And one of the sad things about it is the support which this Christian government is giving by its vast endowments to this religion; it amounts in this presidency alone to some millions of dollars.

Still I am not among those that despond. I have seen too much of Hinduism and the Hindu to believe that it will stand long against the divine life of gospel civilization.

To day a good part of that temple is lighted by American kerosene and its devotees are daily and nightly called to worship by the rich tones of an English bell! Is it hard for us to believe, that, at no distant day, the spiritual light which our country boasts of will penetrate even the darkest recesses of this religious system and make bare all its moral darkness, perversity and superstition; and that the sweet tones of the gospel in which England glories will soon invite even this people to this temple to the holy service of the only true and living God?

The two Christian schools in which we are teaching the bible to 300 heathen children under the shadow of this temple and the four churches in its immediate vicinity all bespeak the war that is waging and the victory that is not far off. We ask your prayers that God may hasten that victory for His name's sake.

Yours in Christian love,
J. P. JONES.

Alive in her Shroud.

Tuesday afternoon Mrs. W. L. Petit, wife of the teller of the First National Bank of Fort Wayne, apparently died, and the undertaker took charge of the body. Arrangements were making for the funeral, and watchers sitting with the supposed corpse. At 10 o'clock at night a faint sigh was heard coming from the body. The watchers started to their feet with alarm, stepped to her side, found her eyes were wide open, while in a voice that was scarcely an audible whisper she recognized them and asked for her husband. For a moment the attendants were speechless with wonder at this resurrection of the dead; then, with the revulsion of feeling, they almost screamed with excitement. The husband came in haste, and with joy unspeakable clasped again his living wife in his arms. The doctor was sent for, and he was as much astonished as the rest of the household at beholding living what in his exact medical science he had declared dead. He administered the proper restoratives, and the patient rapidly recovered.—[Fort Wayne Gazette.

Any man can easily decide whether his business is being done in the name of the Lord Jesus. If it unfits him for devotion, keeps him out of his closet, leaves him no time for prayer, thrusts itself into his hours of worship; if it secularize him, so that his religion becomes intrusive, whenever it peers into the store, the office, the shop, the counting-room, on a week-day, and he show the door to it with a "Begone! away with you! You belong to Sunday;" if it harden him with cares and anxieties; if it make him hard, grasping, close-fisted, reluctant at outgoes and eager for incomes, quick for further investments in stocks and estates, but slow and doubtful about investments where the Lord is security; then Christianity has little to do with the business and little to do with him.—[Herrick Johnson, D. D.

MARSHFIELD.

PATIENCE.

BY MARIE OLIVER.

I wish there was no parting,
No farewell word, no tear;
That sorrow and its heart aches
Might find another sphere.

I wish the heart might never
Know woe or bitter pain;
And naught but joy forever
Me. t us adown life's lane.

But since we cannot have things
Just as we wish, or plan;
We'll try to catch life's sunshine,
Where'er and when, we can.

And if we're called to whisper
The well-known words, "Good Bye,"
We'll think God's hand is in it,
And still be, till we die.

Mrs. Fletcher Webster, who has been confined to her house by illness, has so far recovered that she is able to drive out.

Mr. Willard Houghton of Hudson has so far recovered from a severe sickness as to be able to visit Marshfield this last week with his family. Mr. Houghton owns one of the finest summer residences on our shore and has done much to improve the beauty of the surrounding grounds.

Mr. Z. H. Peterson, one of the leading contractors and builders of this town has received contracts to build five houses at our beach to be completed in the spring.

The pretty and snug French roof stable of Dr. George W. Baker's has been completed and together with his house makes one of the prettiest places in Marshfield.

Mr. Oscar Weston who owns the "Old Dr. Winslow Farm" has a nice field of corn of some three hundred bushels which was raised at the expense of only twenty cents per bushel. No fertilizer whatever was used.

Over five hundred bushels of turnips were shipped from Marshfield last week.

Mr. Ed. Taylor commenced his duties as expressman last Monday. He is employed by a popular and pleasing express agent, Mr. C. H. Taylor.

While Charlie Keen of White's Ferry was crossing the railroad track at Ridge Hill crossing his horse became frightened by the sounding of the gong and ran about a mile doing very little damage. Keen was thrown out of his wagon without injury.

SEA VIEW.

Randall Bros. have taken the shop over Geo. G. Currell's and will use it as a varnishing room. Notwithstanding their factory was doubled in size two years ago their increasing business has forced them to seek accommodations outside.

A Bryant matinee was given at the Sea View school on the late anniversary of that poet's birth. Many excellent selections from his poems were read by the scholars. One little fellow came home and said "they read a piece about Topsy, Anna Topsy, he believed it was."

Four buildings have been purchased by different persons and moved to their new owners' premises this week to be devoted to the poultry business, which appears to be booming.

NORTH MARSHFIELD.

Rev. Mr. Williams of Newton Center preached at the Baptist Church, Sunday, Nov. 12.

Mr. Andrew L. Damon is having extensive alterations made in his house. The well known carpenter, Israel Oakman is doing the work. The lumber comes from E. P. Welch & Son of Scituate.

EAST MARSHFIELD.

Mr. I. H. Carver is putting an addition on his barn.

Who can beat it? Mrs. Thos. Holmes and her two daughters made 148 pairs of pants in three weeks, besides doing their usual housework.

At the E. Marshfield Public Library meeting the other night it was voted to charge 25 cents for the use of books for the remainder of the year up to the first of May next, and that probably 50 cents will be charged next year for the use of them.

Miss Eleanor R. Richards has gone to Boston to continue her studies as a portrait artist. Her life size crayon portrait of Arthur, the late son of Herbert Rogers of Quincy, was on exhibition at the Marshfield fair in September last, and the fine execution of the picture and its naturalness as seen from the small photograph attached to the frame, elicited warm praise from the multitudes who witnessed it. At present she is at work on an order for a crayon portrait of Geo. Lyons, deceased, son of the late John S. Lyons of Savin Hill, Dorchester, and also is studying under a competent portrait artist in Boston, portraits painted in oil.

The people of Marshfield have expressed themselves pretty generally on the proceedings at the late Webster centennial in their town. All who have conversed with us on this subject think it was the most disgraceful affair ever held within its precincts. We think their judgment is correct. Any visitor on that day to look upon that rowdy throng in the Ancient and Honorable Artillery tent, thrown open to the public gaze, and see the amount of liquor poured down those human Artillery throats could not but wonder that the bones of the great Webster lying almost under the shadow of their tent, did not rise and don the robes of mortality and stand before them in his majestic form and cry out in thunder tones, "Away sons of Bacchus is this the honor you pay the dead, gather at the foot of their graves, eat, drink and get drunk, poison the air with wild dissipated shrieks and call this reverence?" Is it not a greater wonder that the ghost of Gov. Winslow (whose remains lie close by Webster's) did not appear at the foot of his grave where those "honorable" (?) men accompanied by the President of our great country assembled and exclaim in sepulchral tone: "Thou ruler of a mighty people, under whose leadership and guarding, fifty millions of people look for guide and counsel, is it becoming in one clothed with such supreme power and majesty to leave a respectable gathering among whom the honored governor of Massachusetts, governors of other states, senators, representatives, cabinet ministers and respected, well beloved men and ladies, and pass into the tent of a drinking, noisy crowd and encourage them in their dissipations, by standing before this assemblage and in view of a great assemblage outside and there hold the cup of dissipation and drink again and again? Oh, by the Gods! what an example to spread before thy people!" No wonder that the townspeople felt more disgraced than honored by the presence of these visitors and no wonder that a little boy there was heard to say to his father, "Father, when I am grown up I am going to drink beer, wine, etc." "Why do you say so," askes the father? "Why all the great men here to-day drank."

MARSHFIELD CENTER.

Mrs. Carrie Nichols, daughter of Sumner Ames, is building a very fine residence on the lot adjoining the old homestead, where Mr. Ames spent his early days. The house and stable are of Queen Anne architecture, and when completed will cost about ten thousand dollars. Much credit is due Mrs. Nichols in taking so much interest in Marshfield, as to erect so costly a residence. Mr. Ames says he looks forward with interest when he shall again return to Marshfield and be with some of those whom he left forty years ago.

Mr. F. A. F. Adams who has recently purchased the farm known as the Crocker place has made many changes in the way of improvement about the place Mr. Adams has come to stay as he says he likes Marshfield and is just the place for his business. A look into his stable will satisfy one that he fully understands what he is doing. He has some very fine blooded horses which he is raising and training for speed. Mr. Adams has within a few days refused three thousand dollars for a young fine blooded horse, and has many others of high value. Those who meet with Mr. Adams will find him a social and business citizen.

Miss Polly Sherman, accompanied by her niece, Mrs. John M. Ford, have taken up their residence in Manchester, N. H. Miss Sherman has lived in Marshfield for the past eighty-six years and in going away leaves a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Mrs. Ford has not lived in Marshfield for several years and will not be so missed as Miss Sherman. C. M.

Brant Rock and Green Harbor.

Several boats while attempting to pull through the rough surf last Monday was swamped, but fortunately with no serious mishap.

We understand that the new minister will occupy three rooms, and has expressed himself quite pleased with his future home. He will be engaged for a year.

The large quantities of sperling taken nightly by the fishermen off Green Harbor village prove quite remunerative as they bring from four to five dollars per barrel.

The ladies connected with Grace Chapel at Green Harbor Village, met in Ashburton Cottage on the afternoon of Nov. 14. for the purpose of arranging for the manufacture of a rag carpet for the comfort of the new minister, who is shortly expected to occupy the premises. Generous donations of rags of divers sorts, and colors, were sent in, which busy hands soon converted into the necessary conditions for weaving.

Mr. C. H. Brown of Brant Rock, has just finished the laying of a new walk in front of his dwelling. It is a great improvement to the pretty lawn, sloping down to the street.

The new chapel at Green Harbor, has been agreeably surprised by a donation of wood, from Mr. Bartlett Chandler of Marshfield.

From sundry hints that have been dropped, we surmise that another fair is in contemplation at Green Harbor village. Probably it will not take place till the summer swallows shall again have winged their flight back to the nooks and crannies by the sea; but the manufacture of things useful and ornamental is surely in progress, and generous donations are continually coming in.

Country or City for Young Men.

Most young men of the country who after acquiring a common school education by attending the common school during the winter months as soon as they obtain the consent of their guardian (which is readily given as the old rule of keeping young men to work at home on the farms or in the shop until they have reached the age of twenty-one has fast become a rule of the past) look around for some employment that they may earn their own livelihood.

While few remain at home and follow the vocations of their fathers, some seek their fortunes in the west, which to the average mind of the young man is rich in every thing that one could desire to do, others may follow the inclination of their young mind which at some period during their youth has led them to believe the sea is the surest and easiest passport to wealth and prosperity. But the majority seek the cities for employment as clerks and counter jumpers, while some may do well, it is acknowledged that the evil influence of the great metropolis exercises itself far greater on the mind of the country youth than on the minds of the city lads.

New scenes of excitement, the *theatre*, the ball room, the restaurants, and, too often, the *wine* and *beer saloon*, which help to take off the little spare change which the small wages paid allows the young men to have.

And dress is by no means of secondary importance. The *styles* must be obeyed and the numerous changes of the styles of pants from *tight* to *loose* and from loose to tight would alone, keep a young man from laying up any of his earnings if he is so disposed. The young farmer who, even if he has passed his school days with his new city friend, blushes as he compares his blue overalls and brogans with the stylish broadcloth clothes and the nicely fitting boots of his former playmate.

How many loving mothers, how many anxious fathers, who, if they could but follow the course of their son through the first year of his city life, would have given all they possessed in this world's goods to have had their son, their pride, their only offspring at home with them.

One of the first evils that befalls the young men is the wine and beer halls. Emboldened by the innocency of his first step he allows himself to take the glass of small beer with his newly made associates and then the next step he broke the resolutions formed in his earlier days, never to taste of stronger drink. Alas how easy and how soon he learns to drink the stronger drinks with the ease of an old toper.

It is hard to analyze separately the evil influence and amusements proffered the young man.

The opportunities to repeat his first gambling lesson, which was playing marbles for "winner" (every boy does that) in the back yard in the old country town offers itself in numerous ways and forms. The playing of pool and billiards leaves its degrading effects; then follows the dice box to see who shall pay for cigars and beer. At length that he may see all, he is taken to a gaming house. He sees the various fortunes of the participants and ventures a part of his money, only for just once he thinks. He wins; he stakes again; he wins; he stakes again and loses; he loses again; he is excited by both gains and losses. After losing his stakes and winnings he borrows from his silver tongued associates (who only lend that they may make the greater dupe of him) with the hope of winning again. Alas, not so, his fortune has turned for the night and he goes to his boarding place sick at heart and with a dizzy head—the effects from his night's debauch. He gets up late in the morning with anything but kind feelings. One would suppose that the experience of the previous night would satisfy, but no, it is repeated and repeated again and again, until he has come to a state of degradation that his employers are disgusted and discharge him from their employ, and the once promising young man is obliged to seek the daily bread he eats in the lowest and filthiest part of the city.

Some will say that many young men from the country do well in the city and rise to eminence through careful attention to their honest duties. This is very true but we need all the young men at home and how shall we *keep them?* By giving them *home employment.*

What we need is home industry with some enterprising business, something that will give employment to every class. The farmer, the mechanic, the laborer, alike, is what we need. As "Observer" has said in one of his articles printed in the MAIL a few weeks ago—"The foundation of a canning factory will be one of the most profitable home business we could have and will give employment to all classes.

We have plenty of farms to raise the produce from, good facilities for transportation and what we need is the interested capitalist to start the thing.

If we but save one young man from the snares of the city we shall have done some good. EXPERIENCE.

Land vs. Land.

East Marshfield, Nov. 15, 1882

Mr. Editor:

A little news in the MAIL of Nov. 4, amused us this side of the river considerably, that is the "sueing" of *Mr.* Holmes by Edgar Tilden, for *M.* C. *H. M*agoun Jr. It may seem surprising to some minds why a man should like to hold peaceably the land for which he has paid and holds a deed of. To our mind, it isn't *the least* incomprehensible "for fencing in a few feet," your correspondent says. *Mr.* Holmes and *Mr. M*agoun own a house together, the house divided in the centre by a partition. To and from the centre of the house, is the dividing line between the first named parties. As to Mr. *Holmes survey*, *we* are unadvised as to his ever having any excepting the one by Col. *H.* A. Oakman, who also surveyed Mr. *M*agoun's land. *In that survey, M*r. Holmes didn't hold so much land by several feet, as Mr. *Ma*goun was willing for the sake of peace to allow him. The facts in the case are these:—Mr Joyce has for several years occupied ten feet of Mr. *Ma*goun's orchard, (which land adjoins *Mr.* Joyce, and let me do *Mr.* Joyce the justice to say, offered to buy of *Mr. M* at the time he fenced it in), for a hen yard. *Mr. M*agoun didn't wish to sell, but replied so long as he encroached no further, he could use it. This spring, *Mr.* Joyce's yard being too contracted for his feathered pets; he proceeded to enlarge his yard by moving his fence five feet further into *Mr. M*'s orchard. *Mr. M.*'s father (his agent) then very peaceably reminded Mr. J. that it would be as well to return the fence to its original position, which Mr. J. refused to do, probably thinking of the wider range it would give his fowls. It is quite easy in life to enlarge our means when an opportunity offers; though equally unagreeable to to be obliged to curtail. Mr. Holmes and Mr. J. coming to the final conclusion that a little more land the length of the line would be still more agreeable, fenced in about eight feet more of Mr. M.'s orchard to the well. Col. H. A. Oakman was called to survey not only Mr. M.'s, but Mr. Holmes' land also. The line as surveyed by the deeds—in which the deeds agree—was, on Mr. Joyces' end of the line some fifteen feet, on Mr. Magoun. The deed reads certain course or distance to the south side of the well, which is one bound mark, though Mr. Holmes contends it has moved more than ten feet through the centre of the well, through the middle of the house, to the highway. Through the centre of the "L" is a partition length ways of same. Mr. M.'s fence as nearly as could be sighted, runs from that partition to the high way. Col. Oakman says it isn't more than an inch either way. In order to make his line to suit him, Mr. Holmes put a bound mark several feet beyond the fence, running from the centre of the L, on Mr. M.'s side of the fence.

The number of feet back of the well, that Mr. Holmes has fenced in, he claims, because he has not the required number of feet "from the high way to the south side of the well," given in his deed. In 1817 the highway was widened, Mr. Holmes contends that from the high way to the south side of the well" isn't a "a course and distance," therefore as he hasn't now the number of feet, as when his deed was given (the highway having since been widened) he now claims the land he has fenced south of the well, that his number of feet may still hold good. Judge Davis informed Mr. Holmes and Joyce, on reading their deeds, they would be obliged to settle by their deeds, as the deeds all agreed. And to do so at once. But Mr. Holmes and Joyce declined, preferring law. It is to be presumed, therefore, that Judge Davis doesn't know.

UNINTERESTED PARTY.

SOUTH SHORE AND COUNTY.

Gov. Long moved to Boston last week.

The Old church sewing society of Hingham are arranging for a Dicken's party.

The town of Hull has not had a representative to the General Court for fifteen years.

Rev. Mr. Burr of Ayer has accepted a call to the Unitarian Church at Duxbury.

Trains upon the Nantasket Beach railroad have been discontinued for the winter.

The shoe stores of A. H. and David H. Barry, Rockland, were entered recently and goods taken from each.

The Rockland Standard has reached a regular weekly sale of about 200 copies in Rockland besides its regular subscribers.

Kenneth McLellan, an employe of the Plymouth Cordage Company, last week caught his hand in the machinery inflicting a severe wound.

A lodge of "Sons of Veterans," an order of the Grand Army, Jr. kind, was instituted at South Abington last week. The lodge started with twenty-six members.

A society called the "Rockland Historical Society" has been organized in that town for the collection and preservation of historical and genealogical matter of local interest.

The old Adams Farm at South Quincy has been cut up into lots, and many have been disposed of already. The Patriot says from present appearances the farm will soon be covered with houses.

Col. F. W. Parker, late superintendent of schools in Quincy, has been appointed principal of the normal school at Chicago, at a salary of $5000 per year, his term of appointment covering three years.

The Pilgrim Society of Plymouth have contracted with the Hallowell Granite Company to repair and repoint the Monument and Canopy, a number of men have been engaged for some days in this work.

A petition has been sent to the officers of the Old Colony railroad, asking to have the name "Nantasket station" changed to that of "Rocky-nook station." This is a good move. It will save much confusion with strangers now that we have a Nantasket Beach railroad, and tend to perpetuate a name which has been known to the inhabitants of that locality for many generations.

There is considerable sport in the way of fox-hunting in Plymouth woods, which besides giving enjoyment to local sportsmen, affords pleasure to numerous huntsmen from other places. A New Bedford gentleman with a friend from Middleboro, in a recent six day's hunt, shot eleven foxes. The dog they used is well practised at the business, having had sixty-one foxes shot ahead of him in about six years.

Last spring numerous shoe factories, beside a number of stores and barns in Weymouth, Braintree, Holbrook, Brockton, Rockland and Abington, were entered by burglars, and a large amount of property was stolen. The mystery culminated in the arrest of one James B. Washburn of Halifax, a state prison convict, who was found by Officer Pease on Front street, Weymouth, one night in June last.

James Mersereau of Kingston, engineer at the Co-operative Foundry, had a very narrow escape from death last week. He was caught by a shaft which was making fourteen revolutions per minute, and to clear himself was compelled to place his back against a hot boiler and brace his feet to pull his clothing from the shaft. The flesh upon his back and one arm was severely burned, and he received several severe cuts and contusions.

A company of engineers commenced Wednesday at Brockton the survey for a new railroad. It is understood that the new line is to run from the Old Colony railroad at Hingham to the Providence railroad at Stoughton, passing through Brockton, Abington and Rockland. It would accommodate the considerable local trade between these places, and give them the additional advantage of a double connection with Boston and a direct connection with Providence.

Mr. Frank Snow, mate of schnr. Jennie Greenbank, lying at Long wharf, Plymouth met with a serious and perhaps fatal accident on Monday evening. Mr. Snow had been up in town, and on his return when stepping upon the deck of the schooner, trod upon a piece of coal, thereby losing his balance, and pitched head foremost through the open hatchway into the hold. He struck upon the floor of the vessel, receiving a severe contusion of the head, if not a fracture of the skull.

Important to Travelers.

Special inducements are offered you by the BURLINGTON ROUTE. It will pay you to read their advertisement to be found elsewhere in this issue.

GRAY Hairs often cause annoyance, which Parker's Hair Balsam prevents by restoring the youthful color.

HEARTILY RECOMMENDED.

Don't condemn a good thing because you have been deceived by worthless nostrums. Parker's Ginger Tonic has cured many in this section of nervous disorders, and we recommend it heartily to such sufferers.—News.

A GOOD OFFER.

The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad has just issued an illustrated treatise, "The Heart of the Continent," describing the wonderful growth of the Six Great States. The book is beautifully printed, and numerous engravings of high merit adorn its pages. Anyone sending their name and address with two three cent postage stamps will receive a copy, by applying to PERCEVAL LOWELL, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Illinois. 10-3

MILLINERY.

A New and Complete Assortment of
Fall & Winter MILLINERY
consisting of
Ladies' French Felt Hats & Bonnets; also, Beaver Hats & Bonnets, in choice shapes & shades.
A full assortment of Children's Hats
I am opening every Wednesday
Fancy Feathers, Feather Turbans, Ostrich Plumes and Tips in the new Fall Shades. Also, a full line of Black Plumes and Tips.
Straw, Felt and Beaver Hats altered over.
Mourning orders promptly filled.
Miss S. E. WELCH,
SCITUATE. 10

CHUBUCK & CO.,
DEALERS IN
Fine Groceries and Flour.
Selected Teas, Pure Coffees and
SPICES,
Butter and Cheese,
from the best dairies.
Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Canned Fruits and Vegetables, and a full variety of other Goods usually kept in a First-class Grocery.
Goods promptly delivered free of Expense.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious Men, women, boys girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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Surgeon
DENTISTS,
29 HOLLIS ST., BOSTON.
IN HINGHAM,
Over J. L. HUNT & Co.'s Pharmacy
Dr. J. M. DALY, FRIDAY; Dr. J. E. GRAVES, THURSDAY; Dr. J. H. DALY, TUESDAY. 14-ly

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling-out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assayer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renewer has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world.
For sale by all dealers.

Pine Wood
FOR SALE.
Strait sapling Pine, in lots to suit.
E. P. WELCH & SON,
SCITUATE.

C. D. BARNARD.
Upholsterer & Harness Maker
HANOVER, MASS.

PICTURESQUE MAINE.
TOURISTS
—TO ITS—
SEASHORE, BAYS & RIVERS
Are provided with
UNAPPROACHABLE FACILITIES
For Enjoying the Varied and Romantic Beauties of the Coast of Maine
—BY THE—
Boston and Bangor S. S. Co.
By passage on its
PALACE STEAMERS

CAMBRIDGE,	Capt. Otis Ingraham
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MT. DESERT,	Capt. David Robinson

A Steamer leaves Lincoln's Wharf, daily (except Sunday) at 5 p. m. for BANGOR, ROCKLAND and MT. DESERT and all landings on PENOBSCOT BAY and RIVER.

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—DEALER IN—
DRY GOODS!
CENTRAL STREET,
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FURNISHING
UNDERTAKER.

The subscriber would respectfully inform the public that he is fully prepared to execute all orders in the Furnishing Undertaker's business, at his establishment on
CENTRAL STREET,
So. Scituate.
A FULL ASSORTMENT OF
Caskets, Coffins, Robes
and Habits,
constantly on hand.

By strict attention to business, the subscriber solicits a share of patronage.
THOMAS J. STUDLEY.
So. Scituate, Sept. 28, 1882.

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J. E. MERRITT, Proprietor.
Front Street, - - Scituate.
Permanent or Transient Board, by the Day or Week.
Livery, Boarding and Baiting Stable.
Depot Carriages connect with every train. Beach and Pleasure Parties conveyed to any place desired at reasonable rates.
Capts. Caleb Bates and Henry Merritt with Yachts Katie King and others will be ready for taking out parties.
Circulars with particulars mailed to any address.

LOOK!
A STYLOGRAPHIC PEN
GIVEN AWAY
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Caw's Black Fluid INK
PRICE $1.00.
Guaranteed Non-Corrosive.
Birthday, Thanksgiving, Xmas Cards
"Orful Odd Optical Owl,"—Price 10c.
Owls Wholesale and Retail.
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Manufacturers of
MONUMENTAL WORK
In both
Marble and Polished Granite,
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Mr. Everett Torrey may be found at the wholesale department of
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Fire Insurance Company.
ISRAEL W. MUNROE, President.
CHARLES A. HOWLAND, Secretary.

Cash Fund, Jan. 1, 1882,	$440,183 00
Surplus over Re-Insurance,	253,507 74
Gain in Cash Fund the past year,	15,135 79
Gain in Cash Surplus the past year,	18,936 29
And every loss paid in full.	
Amount at Risk,	25,509,944 00
Total Liabilities,	186,673 26

Dividends paid on every expiring Policy; 50 per ct. on 5 yrs., 30 per ct. on 3 yrs., and 20 per ct. on all others. nov25tf
M. B. COLMAN, Agt. Scituate.
E. T. FORD, Agt., So. Scituate.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk, everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. 19-1v*

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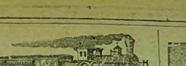
TREASURY of SONG
For the Home Circle. A rich volume of 300 best loved Gems chosen from the whole realm of Music. Usual cost, $87! Here, only $2.50. No book like it. No competition! Sale is immense! Eminent citizens say: "A treasury of pleasure for every home."—O. H. Tiffany, D. D. "A perfect marvel of excellence and cheapness"—G. A. Peltz, D. D. "Full of genuine gems."—F. L. Robbins, D. D. "I like it."—W. H. Doane, Mus. Doc. "It meets a real household want."—A. J. Gordon, D. D. "Its contents will bring genial sunshine to the home."—Prof. W. F. Sherwin. "I have examined this sumptuous volume with great delight."—J. H. Vincent, D. D. "It should be in every household in the land."—Prof. C. C. Case. Three Million Homes want it, hence it is a grand chance to coin money. Sample pages &c., Free. Address HUBBARD BROS., Boston, Mass. 9-8t

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE
of Real Estate by Auction.
By virtue of a license from the Probate Court in, and for the County of Plymouth, will be sold by Public Auction, on the premises, on Saturday the ninth day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, the following described property in the town of Scituate belonging to the Estate of the late Davis Jenkins, viz:—About four acres of field land lying on the Easterly side of Central street near the dwelling house of the late Davis Jenkins, and known as the corner field. Also about two acres of wood land lying Southerly of the dwelling house of Homer Studley on said Central street, known as the Jenkins lot. Also the wood standing on about four acres of land, will be sold in lots to suit purchasers, said wood is of good growth and consists of Walnut, Oak and Pine, or so much thereof as will raise the sum of three hundred and twenty dollars, for the payment of his debts and charges of Administration.
Terms made known at the time and place of sale.
WM. H. LITCHFIELD, Administrator.
Scituate, Nov. 18, 1882. 31.



Old Colony Railroad.
On and after Oct. 16, 1882, trains leave Boston for
North Scituate, Egypt and Scituate, 7.30, 11.00 A. M.; 3.50, 5.30 P. M.
Greenbush 7.30, A. M.; 3.50, 5.30, P. M.
East Marshfield, Seaview, Marshfield Centre, m. Marshfield, Webster Place m. 7.30, A. M.; 3.50 P. M.
Trains for Boston Leave
Webster Place 6.51 m, A. M.; 4.51, m, P. M.
Marshfield, 7.. 7.56, A. M. 4.56 P. M.
Marshfield Centre, 7 05, m. A. M.; 5.06, P. M.
Sea View, 7.08, A. M. 5.11, P. M.
East Marshfield, 7.12, 8.06 A. M.; 5. 16 P. M.
Greenbush, 7.18, A. M.; 5.21 P. M.
Scituate, 7.22, 8.13, A.M.; 12.40, 5.26, P. M.
Egypt, 7.27, A. M.; 12.46, 5.31, P. M.
North Scituate, 7.31, 8.20, A.M.; 12 50, 5 35, P. M.
Trains For Cohasset
Leave Boston, 7.30, 11.00, A. M. 2.30, 3.50 Ex., 3.50, 5.30, 6.25 11.10c P. M. For Boston leave COHASSET 6.45, 7.30, 8.25, 9.58 A. M., 12.56, 4.05, 5.40 and 9.20c P. M.
c Tuesdays and Fridays only.
m stop to leave passengers and when flagged.
J. R. KENDRICK. Gen. Sup't.

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MOST DIRECT ROUTE
To PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, AND WASHINGTON, WITHOUT CHANGE. Leave Boston at 7.00 P.M. daily. RETURNING, Leave Washington daily at 1.30 P. M., Ar. Boston 7.55 A. M.
Only Line with PULLMAN CARS

LATEST TRAINS and
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BOSTON AND NEW YORK.
via Hartford and New Haven). Limited tickets, $5. Leave Boston for Grand Central Depot at 9 A. M. week days drawing room cars. RETURNING—Leave Grand Central Depot at 11.35 P. M. daily.

NORWICH LINE
To NEW YORK (via New York and New England R.R.) Leave Boston at 7.00 P. M. week days connecting at New London with steamers. RETURNING—Steamers leave Pier 40, North River N. Y. at 5:00 P. M., ar. Boston 7:55 A.M.

Boston & Providence Line
Fare $1. Round Trip Tickets (limited) $1.50.
Trains leave Boston 9. 11.45, a.m. 3.30 and 6:00 p.m. Leave Providence for Boston, 8.15, 11.20 a. m., 1.30 and 4:30 p. m.
Passengers going by above lines will please be particular to ask for tickets via N. Y. and N. E. Railroad
Office 322 Washington street. Depot foot of Summer street.
A. C. KENDALL, Gen. Pass. Agent.
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STONINGTON LINE
FOR NEW YORK SOUTH AND WEST
Express train leaves Boston & Providence R. R. Station daily (Sundays excepted) at 6.30 P. M. The train stops at Providence only between Boston and Stonington. Drawing-room car on Express Train.
Tickets and State-rooms secured at 214 Washington corner State street, and at Boston & Providence R. R. Station.
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Williams Sewing Machines
ARE ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE THE
BEST IN THE WORLD
They have received highest Awards at the Centennial and at all other leading Exhibitions held in Europe and America.
EVERY MACHINE WARRANTED BY THE MAKERS.
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HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always
Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair
Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.
50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs and medicines.

PARKER'S
GINGER TONIC
A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.
If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.
If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic
If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier
And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.
If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.
CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.
GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON
Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of
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on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.
LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.
COLOGNE.

GOLD Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

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The World Over
THEIR STERLING WORTH IS KNOWN AND RECOGNIZED IN EVERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE
The Carpenter Organs
were first manufactured as early as 1850 at Brattleboro', Vt. For a number of years the extensive CARPENTER ORGAN WORKS and General Office have been located at
Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.,
With Branch Offices and Warerooms in
New York (No. 7 West Fourteenth Street), London, Madras, St. Petersburg, City of Mexico, Berlin, Barcelona.
Sweetness of Tone in every reed.
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Perfection in every detail of manufacture,
Are Characteristic of the CARPENTER ORGAN.
Every Instrument
WARRANTED for EIGHT YEARS.
MOST RELIABLE DEALERS sell the CARPENTER ORGAN, but if any do not have them to show you, write direct to the factory for a Catalogue and information as to where you can see them.
OVER 100 STYLES,
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A beautiful 100-page Catalogue, the finest ever published, SENT FREE to intending purchasers.
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E. P. CARPENTER, Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.

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POST & CO'S
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GUARANTEED THE BEST.
STRONG, STEADY LIGHT.
SIX TIMES CHEAPER THAN GAS. By long Experience we are enabled to make the BEST STUDENT LAMP MADE, and the ONLY one that raises and lowers the wick as shown in cut. Fully covered by letters patent. Price, Nickel Plated, $5.00. Liberal Discounts to the Trade. Send for Catalogue.
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BURLINGTON
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CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY R.R.
PRINCIPAL LINE
AND OLD FAVORITE FROM
The SHORTEST, QUICKEST and BEST line to St. Joseph, Atchison, Topeka, Denison, Dallas, Galveston.
And all points in Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas, New Mexico, Arizona, Montana and Texas.
CHICAGO
OR PEORIA to
This Route has no superior for Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul.
Universally conceded to be the best equipped Railroad in the World for all classes of travel.
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